

Now that you begin to no-
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are very neat cut in "half
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a great variety of pat-
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\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, and

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\$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

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\$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00.

VEST

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MPANY,

ITERS,

SOUTH PARIS

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Street, Boston, Mass.

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TOURISTS.

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MAINE.

Special Rates for

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Weeks or more.

LE GARAGE IN

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TER,

MAINE

The Bethel News.

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 9.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1905.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

Price Reductions.

All of this season's Shirt Waist Suits marked down right in the hot weather when you need them. Here is a chance to save money on something that you want now.

Wash Suits.

ONE LOT Suits of linen colored batiste, waist has lace insertion in front, plain skirt, regular price \$1.49, now 98 cents.

ONE LOT Suits of white lawn, waist has tucks and insertion, skirt tucked in front, neat suit, was \$2.98, now \$1.98

ONE LOT Suits, good white lawn and linen finished goods, lawn waists have insertion and tucks, flounce skirt, lined finished suit has embroidery on waist, and skirt, was \$3.98, now \$2.98

ONE LOT, Suits of cotton poplin in white, tan, navy and brown, tucked waist, plaited skirt, very neat, durable suit, was \$4.98, now \$2.98

ONE LOT Suits of good lawn, tucked flounce skirt, neat waist with insertion, were \$4.98 and \$4.50, now \$3.50

White Linen Suits, were \$5.98, now \$4.50.

Brilliantine Suits.

This season's best styles.

ONE LOT in brown and blue, waist tucked, silk stock, plaited skirt, regular price \$4.98, now \$3.75

ONE LOT plain brown and blue, and mixed black and white, blue and white, and brown and white, stylish, well made suits, were \$7.50, now \$5.63

ONE LOT of high luster brilliantine, waist tucked, skirt in front, 6 in. back, skirt has 24 plaits, loose at bottom, very neat, was \$10.00, now \$7.50

Special Values in all departments.

Store closes Friday Afternoon through July and August.

Thomas Smiley

Telephone 112-2.

127-129 MAIN STREET,

NORWAY MAINE.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that L. W. Blanchard of Rumford Falls and Fred Bean Merrill of Bethel have made application to the State Board of Bar Examiners for examination for admission to the Bar at the next session of the Board to be held at Portland on the first Tuesday of August, 1905.

JOHN B. MADIGAN,

7W3 Secretary of the Board.

C. E. Lawn Party.

The Christian Endeavor Society will give a Mid-summer Supper, consisting of salads, cold meats, sandwiches, cake, etc., with coffee, Russian tea, and ice cream, on the European plan. Pay for what you get and get what you want.

Those who do not want to order supper, may be served with ice cream and cake alone.

Remember, the place—the lawn in front of the Chapel—and the time—Wednesday evening, July 26.

MARRIED.

At the Congregational parsonage, Bethel, by Rev. C. N. Gleason, on the evening of July 1, Mr. James A. Howard and Miss Villa W. Brooks, both of Upton.

Mother Gray's Appeal to Women.

Mother Gray, a nurse in New York, discovered an aromatic pleasant herb drink for women's ills, called AUSTRIAN-LEAF. It is the only certain monthly regulator. Cures female weaknesses and backache, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles. At Druggists or by mail go to: Sample FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

Chas. H. Little

THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP BY THE NEWS MAN.

When she was young she used to wear Her mother's skirt and strut Around the house with queenly air, And play the woman, but She's 30 now, so people say, Yet giddy, gay and wild, She wears a shorter skirt to-day And plays that she's a child.

Ruby Perkins has returned from Newry.

Mr. L. U. Bartlett is doing C. C. Bryant's haying.

Albert Bennett of Gilead was in town Saturday.

Summer boarders and visitors fill our streets with strangers.

Miss Bertha Mann of Norway is the guest of Miss Ruth King.

Mrs. Will Garey is entertaining her mother from Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Ziba Durkee and Mrs. Chas. Heath were in Portland Saturday.

Miss Alice Willis of Lewiston visited her sister, Mrs. A. W. Grover last week.

Mrs. Ina Kenney has been visiting her mother on Elm street the past week.

Rev. F. E. Barton will preach at Locke Mills next Sunday July 23 at 2:30 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Sanborn of Roxbury, Mass., are spending a few weeks at the Howard.

A large delegation of Bethel people attended the Ringling circus at Berlin last Wednesday.

Rev. and Mrs. Webster Woodbury returned to their home in South Framingham, Mass., last Friday.

Wesley K. Woodbury Esq. and family from Pottsville, Pa., are spending the week at Mr. J. U. Purington's.

Mr. D. Brown of Dorchester, Mass., and Mr. Parker of Reading, Mass., were guests at W. E. Abbott's Saturday.

Mrs. Eugene Martin and daughter Mona have returned from a visit with Mrs. Martin's parents at West Bethel.

Mrs. Rhoda Richardson of Gorham, N. H., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Susan Chapman, at the home of E. L. Arno.

Miss Myra Clark and friend Mr. Harry Kollock of Lynn, Mass., have been visiting friends and relatives in town.

Mrs. Archer Grover of Orono, who has been visiting Mr. Grover's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Grover, went to Lewiston to day.

Mrs. Clara Champion has returned from Massachusetts, and will stay with her sister, Mrs. M. F. Coolidge through the warm weather.

Mrs. Albert R. Foster and little daughter, Marion, of Dorchester, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Foster of Charlestown, Mass., are at their cottage, Pinecroft, for the season.

At the hearing held at the Lock-up last Saturday, the liquor recently seized by Constable Packard, was declared forfeited to the State, by Justice Bennett, and ordered shipped to the high sheriff.

The Universalist Sunday School will have a picnic supper in the Philbrook Grove on Saturday, the 22nd. A team will be at the church at 3 o'clock to take the little folks. Supper will be served at 5 o'clock. All are invited.

Mr. Lawrence B. Holt, a former Bethel boy, has completed the course at Mechanic Arts High school, Boston, Mass., and has accepted a position in the draughting department of the General Electric Co., Lynn, Mass.

Master Leslie Coburn entertained a number of his little friends Thursday afternoon at his home on Paradise street, the occasion being his seventh birthday. Ice cream and cake were served and the little folks had a very pleasant afternoon.

H. C. Barker is in Portland to-day.

Miss Ruth Andrews is in Waterville.

Miss Mae Wiley is visiting in Portland.

Robert Chapman of Auburn was in town Sunday.

Children's tickets at Odeon Hall this evening 15 cts.

Learn how to treat a tramp, at Odeon Hall to-night.

D. C. Philbrook and daughter were in South Paris yesterday.

Miss Edna Stearns of Milan, N. H., was in town the first of the week.

Mrs. Olive Townsend and son of California are visiting at Mr. E. C. Park's.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Heath have moved from High street to the Winslow rent.

Mrs. S. L. Holt and grandson Ralph of Boston are visiting at O. D. Clough's.

Arthur L. Watson of Randolph, N. H., visited at H. C. Andrews' over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Barker are entertaining a friend from Rhode Island, Mrs. Mack.

Miss Cora Brown, accompanied by her father and niece, was at Bryant Pond Sunday.

Mr. H. C. Rowe accompanied by Al Herrick attended the automobile races on Mt. Washington.

Mrs. Wm. R. Chapman has returned from her European trip, and is at her home in Mayville.

Special music will be rendered by a chorus choir at the Universalist church next Sunday forenoon.

Ada and Dorothy, two daughters of Will Chapman of Portland, have been guests in town the past week.

Mrs. B. C. Smith of Gorham, N. H., is assisting Miss Cleo Russell in the post-office during Miss Alice Russell's absence.

Mrs. A. G. Wiley and daughter who have been guests of relatives in the village for some weeks, returned to her home in Bar Mills, Saturday.

Mr. Walter W. Parmalee of Lewiston has sold out his drug business, and will enter the University of Vermont, studying medicine. His family will accompany him to that State. Mr. Parmalee is pleasantly remembered by many Bethel friends who wish him every success.

Miss Marie Wight, daughter of Prof. Scott Wight, was given a surprise party at the home of Mrs. H. H. Annas, Monday afternoon, it being her seventh birthday. Only her Sunday school class was present, but a merry afternoon and evening were spent, with a dainty tea for the little people.

Mrs. Bertram L. Bryant of Bangor has a strong story, "The City Physicianship," in the July number of McClure's Magazine, and a series of Neapolitan stories, in the July and August numbers of the National Magazine, under the title, "The Evolution of Copsin Marcella."

A large congregation welcomed the newly appointed pastor of the Bethel M. E. church at that house last Sunday. Excellent music aided a very fine sermon in forming a most enjoyable service. We extend our share of welcome to the Rev. Mr. Schoonover, who has come 5000 miles to accept this call, and trust that the warmth and sunshine of fellowship extended to him here will in a measure repay him for leaving sunny Italy.

Miss Helen Bisbee closed a most successful term of school in the Songo district Friday, July 14. A picnic on the shore of the lake was enjoyed by the children and a goodly number of the parents, and was followed by exercises by the scholars which gave much credit to themselves and their teacher. Although this was Miss Bisbee's first term, so complete was her success that it is the unanimous desire of parents and scholars that she remain for the next term.

BUSINESS POINTERS.

Business Readers will be published in this column at eight cents per line, reckoning even words to the line.

I saw it among the Business Pointers. - New belts at L. M. Stearns.

Bargains at King's in Souvenir China and Vases.

Just received—fresh line of neckwear at L. M. Stearns.

A cool store is inviting these hot days; King's is the coolest in town.

Smiley Shoe Store Norway have extra help Saturday—no long wait there.

The Souvenir Stationery at King's is having a great sale at 25 cents a box.

Thick, fresh, sweet cream that will whip at Farwell's 12 cents per bottle.

August Ladies' Home Journal Patterns are on sale at King's, 10 and 15 cents.

Mrs. F. L. Edwards went to Portland Saturday, returning Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor and daughter of Stark N. H., visited J. H. O'Connor Sunday.

Saturday, Mr. Clinton Metcalf joined his family who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Seth Walker.

Mrs. James Rush of Springfield, Mass., with her daughter Arria spent a few days with relatives in town last week.

John Swan and a crew of carpenters have begun the erection of D. C. Philbrook's house on Mechanic street.

Mr. Fred Spaulding and family have been enjoying a vacation with Mrs. Spaulding's sister, Mrs. E. E. Whitney.

Mrs. S. P. Stearns of South Paris, and sister of Newton Mass., recently visited Mrs. Stearn's daughter, Mrs. E. C. Park.

M. E. Church Notes.

REGULAR SERVICES OF THE WEEK.

Sunday Morning Service, 10:45—12:00.

Sunday School, 12:00—1:00.

Epworth League Meeting, 6:15—7:00.

Sunday Evening Service, 7:15—8:15.

Class Meeting, Tuesday Evening, 7:30—8:30.

Preaching at Locke Mills the first and third Sundays of each month at 2:30.

Preaching at Mason the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2:30.

F. B. SCHOONOVER, Pastor.

During the present week the pastor is residing at the home of Mr. H. H. Annas, where he will be pleased to receive all desiring to see him.

The Ladies' Church Aid will meet with Mrs. Levi Bartlett Thursday afternoon of this week.

The Ladies of the M. E. society will hold their Annual Lawn Party on Mrs. Littlehales' lawn Thursday afternoon, July 27. Supper will be served at 6 o'clock, ice cream and cake in the evening.

A Musical Treat.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pepper and daughter Dorothy of South Norwalk, Conn., are at Prospect Hotel. Mr. Pepper is remembered with pleasure by Bethel people who have been delighted in years past by his magnificent tenor voice, always graciously used for them, and will be pleased to hear him at the Congregational church next Sunday morning, when he will sing "If With All Your Hearts," from the Oratorio of Elijah.

Speaking of Mr. Pepper's singing in "The Messiah at the Maine Music Festival the Portland Argus said:

In the opening tenor recitative, Comfort Ye, Mr. Harry Pepper at once asserted his position as an oratorio singer of the front rank. He has a beautiful tenor voice, sweet and strong and clear, and his style is modelled on the best oratorio traditions. He throws into his singing a fervor and expression that go to the heart, as oratorio singing should, and his technique and enunciation are irreproachable.

When e'er you feel impending ill, And need a magic little pill, No other one will fill the bill. Like DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

The Famous Little Pills, "Early Risers," cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Billiousness, etc. They never gripe or sicken, but impart early rising energy. Good for children or adults. Sold by G. R. Wiley. DW

SPECIAL SALE Souvenir China and Vases.

Wishing to close out my line of Souvenir China, and having about 75 Vases that I wish to dispose of to make room for a complete new line, I shall mark them all at very low prices and have a sale on them, commencing Thursday morning, July 20th. My Basket sale a few weeks ago demonstrated the fact that the Bethel public appreciate a bargain as well as any one, and as in some of the vases and china I have only one or two of a kind, it is advisable to call as early as possible to have the advantage of first choice. The Souvenir China consists of Plates, Cups and Saucers, Pitchers, Fancy Plates, etc. The vases are in many styles; the prices are low, some 25 per cent., some 50 per cent. reduction, and some even more.

Edward King,

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,

BETHEL,

MAINE.

HATS.

Ready-to-wear and Outing, 10c, 25c, 49c, and 99c.

Dress Hats, marked at one-half price.

Duck Hats and Caps, 19c, 25c, and 50c.

Many other bargains too numerous to mention.

L. M. STEARNS,

Main Street, Bethel, Maine.

A Record Breaker.

W. W. Hastings, accompanied by Ed Herrick, arrived last evening from a flying trip around the mountains, on his auto. Now follow them:

Leaving Gorham at 3.30 yesterday morning, they climbed up over the steep foothills of Gorham and Randolph, through Jefferson Meadows, up Jefferson Hill, past the stately Waumbeck, and on to Lancaster. A considerable stop was made at Whitefield, Twin Mountain House was visited and they reached Fabian's in time for dinner.

Surprised by the distance covered during the morning, they determined, now that the rough roads were behind them, to see what they could do. Down through the picturesque scenery of Crawford Notch, past the Elephant's Head, by the Frankenstein Tr-stle, they whizzed, reeling off the miles as they glided over the level stretches in Bartlett and Conway, and on to Fryeburg, where they waited for supper.

Refreshed, and by the air of their native State inspired to further efforts, they pulled out over the smooth roads of Fryeburg, across the winding Saco, through the dark lanes of Lovell, past the Waterford fair grounds, reaching home before their usual bedtime, two much-pleased, highly-satisfied, auto enthusiasts.

The Famous Little Pills EARLY RISERS cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Billiousness, etc. They never gripe or sicken, but impart early rising energy. Good for children or adults. Sold by G. R. Wiley. DW

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-POWDER.

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder. It cures Corns, Bunions, Painful, Smarting, Hot, Swollen Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c.

Just Received!!!

NEW LINE OF Picture Mouldings

I am now prepared to take orders for

ALL KINDS OF FRAMES.

All the latest Spring Styles at Reasonable Prices; also have on hand the samples formerly carried by Miss L. C. Hall.

E. C. Vandankerckhoven,

Main Street.

BETHEL, MAINE.

I have just Opened my

MUSIC ROOMS

In the Dana Philbrook Building, foot of Main St., Bethel, where I shall carry a full and complete line of

EDISON'S PHONOGRAPHS,

RECORDS, BLANKS, HORNS and SUPPLIES

Also a full line of SHEET MUSIC.

Please give me a call, you are welcome.

W. H. Winchester, Prop.,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Headquarters,

58 Main St., Berlin, N. H.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. HASTINGS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Frye office. Bethel, Me.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

DR. GARDINER L. STURDIVANT,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office in Residence }
opposite Union Hall } BETHEL.

Long Distance Telephone.

DR. I. H. WIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Residence at }
Wormell Stand. } BETHEL,
MAINE.

J. WALDO NASH,
Licensed Taxidermist,
NORWAY, MAINE.

Telephone Connection

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Lewis & Clark Exposition

AT PORTLAND, OREGON.

June 1st to October 15, 1905.
Fare from Bethel \$76.50
Fare from Bethel via San Francisco \$87.50

All tickets good for 90 days.

Time Table in Effect June 18, 1905.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	A. M.	P. M.
Island Pond, leave,	1.20	6.30
Gorham,	3.21	8.20
Gilead,	3.45	8.40
West Bethel,	3.57	8.50
BETHEL, arrive,	4.05	9.00
Locke Mills,	9.10	3.37
Bryant Pond,	4.22	9.18
South Paris,	4.51	9.44
Lewiston,	5.50	10.45
Portland, arrive,	6.40	11.50
Boston, via rail,	12.45	4.10

Boston, via boat,

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	A. M.	P. M.
Portland, leave,	8.15	1.30
Lewiston,	9.00	2.25
South Paris,	10.07	3.22
Bryant Pond,	10.34	4.02
Locke Mills,	10.41	4.12
BETHEL, arrive,	10.50	4.25
West Bethel,	10.57	4.35
Gilead,	11.07	4.51
Gorham,	11.30	5.40
Island Pond,	1.30	7.50
Montreal,	6.50	6.45
Toronto,	7.35	4.40
Chicago,	9.10	7.42

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion to Gorham and Berlin begin June 4th and run each Sunday till Oct. 2, fare 45cts. round trip. Train leaves Bethel at 11.12 a. m. Returning leaves Berlin at 4 p. m. arriving in Bethel at 5.05.

Pullman Sleeping Cars.

Commencing June 18th, Grand Trunk will operate through sleeping cars between Chicago and Portland.

Leave Portland at 8.30 p. m. daily.

Leave Chicago at 3.02 p. m. daily.

Commencing June 25th, Pullman sleeping cars will be run between Montreal and Old Orchard.

Leave Montreal at 8.01 p. m. daily.

Leave Old Orchard at 8.00 p. m. daily.

Pullman Parlor Car Service.

Beginning June 26th, Parlor Cars will be run between Montreal and Old Orchard as follows:

Leave Montreal at 8.00 a. m. daily.

Leave Old Orchard at 7.50 a. m. daily.

Beginning June 19th, Pullman Parlor Cars will run between Boston and Berlin.

Leave Boston 9.00 a. m. week days.

Arrive Berlin 5.57 p. m. week days.

Leave Berlin 8.05 a. m. week days.

Arrive Boston 5.00 p. m. week days.

J. H. O'CONNOR, Agent.

The E. A. STROUT
FARM AGENCY,
Sold 289 Farms in Maine
last year, and sales are being made every day. If you have farm property or any real estate for sale, let us hear from you. The agency is handled in this section by
E. C. BOWLER, of Bethel, Me.

LADIES
Dr. LaFranco's
Compound gives Positive
Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator
Superior to other remedies sold at high prices. Cures guaranteed. Specially used by over 200,000 Women. Cures 25 Cents. Dr. LaFranco's Compound is sold by mail. Testimonials and booklets free. Dr. LaFranco, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Bee in Medicine.
Bees are said to be useful medicinally. That is, the acid of the sting, poisonous though it be, will counteract the effect of uric acid, and stop rheumatism.

An essential feature of a good road is good drainage, and the principles of good drainage remain substantially the same whether the road be constructed of earth, gravel, shells, stones, or asphalt.

Bumblebees should not be killed; for, by killing them, we diminish the crop of clover seed.

THE HEART OF THE HILLS

There's a wonderful country lying far off from the noisy town,
Where the wind-flower swings
And the veery sings
And the tumbling brooks come down:
'Tis a land of light and of laughter,
Where peace all the woodland fills;
'Tis the land that lies
'Neath the summer skies,
In the heart of the happy hills.

The road to that wonderful country
Leads out from the gates of care;
And the tired feet
In the dusty street
Are longing to enter there;
And a voice from that land is calling,
In the rush of a thousand rills,
'Come away, away,
To the woods to-day,
To the heart of the happy hills."

Far away in that wonderful country
Where the clouds are always blue,
In the shadows cool,
By the foaming pool,
We may put on strength anew;
We may drink from the magic fountains
Where the wine of life distills;
And never a care
Shall find us there,
In the heart of the happy hills.

A GOOD SITUATION

A Young Author's New Ingenious Method of Obtaining Material for His Stories.

We were sitting over my fire one howling November night, when Carol began to grow absent-minded, to lean forward in his chair and stare into the coals, winking rapidly. My heart sank as that of a Kansan must when he sees a funnel-shaped cloud on the horizon. When Carol began to paw the air with his bony fingers, working them as though checking off facts on them, and to move his lips with little nods at intervals by way of punctuation, I knew that it was all up with somebody.

In about fifteen minutes he came back to the present, giving a satisfied thump on the arm of the chair. "Here's a good situation," he said. "God help the women and children." I muttered unheeded. Nothing short of a yell of "Murder!" would have penetrated Carol's ears at that stage. "A man," he continued, "has for three years heard people rave about a certain girl. If he said anybody was pretty, or clever, or fascinating, it was always, 'Oh, you ought to know Miss Soandso!' or, 'She isn't in it with Louise!'"

"Louise!" I exclaimed, starting up. "Well, Mary Jane, anything. They're always telling him that he and she are just made for each other, and she gets to be a part of his life without his ever having seen her. In his mind he holds long conversations with her, he saves her life, he makes love to her, he marries her, all without so much as a photograph to give him a clew. When he's sitting like this by the fire he pulls her down on the arm of his chair and leans his forehead against her sleeve. Half in fun, he has made her a part of his life. You see?"

I nodded. That "Louise" still lay heavily on my mind. "Well, finally he meets her," I said. "And is dreadfully disappointed," I put in. "No; this is the hundredth case. He falls desperately in love with her within the first five minutes. Outwardly she fits exactly into this place he has made for her. He has made of some kind so that he is important to her, and they go it rather hard that first meeting. At the end of it he kisses her."

"Good work," I put in. "No; she's a nice girl. I'll prove that absolutely," he insisted. "She is furious, but before she can do anything he blurs out the whole thing, half humorously, yet deadly sincere—how he has been making love to her for three years, so that this seemed like the climax rather than the beginning. And mind, he is an important person. No girl could resist that."

"No," I had to admit; but the whole thing antagonized me. "As they go on they find that they belong to absolutely different spheres—they don't talk the same language. Their traditions, everything, are hopelessly different. If they were not in love with each other they would not have a thing in common. In this one thing they fit each other exactly. But it is their only point of contact. Their relations to each other all this time—well, if you met a person from Mars, I don't suppose you'd feel bound by the social laws of either planet."

"Well?" I said impatiently, after a long pause. "It would have to work itself out," he answered, getting up to go. "Mind, she's absolutely nice. I suppose it would end badly."

"Well, don't name her—what you started to," I said, trying to make my tone jocose. "Oh the name doesn't matter," he answered dreamily. He was beyond actualities by that time.

A few nights later I came in to find Carol stretched on my divan smoking at the ceiling. "That's going to be a great story of mine," he announced presently. I had been so busy that I had forgotten his implicit plot. I didn't want to hear about the thing, and said so, without the slightest effect on Carol.

"I've a good idea for that first scene," he went on, smiling to himself in a way that made me want to hit him. "When he tells how he has been in love with the idea of her all these years, she doesn't give a hint that she has ever heard of him."

As he is going, something is said about the time, and she pulls a watch out of her belt. The back flies open, and out falls—this. He held out to me a small square of paper. It was a portrait of himself cut from some magazine.

"What did she do?" I asked. "Ran," answered Carol, more complacent than ever. "How vivid it all is to you!" I said, "I suppose you almost feel as if it had really happened."

"He straightened up, looking decidedly self-conscious. "Oh, well, I've thought it over a good deal," he said evasively. For a week or so Carol bothered the life out of me with the progress of his tale.

"She doesn't go all at once, as he does," he complained. "She hedges—makes him plan and besiege, giving in just enough to keep him at it. It's more interesting, but it delays the denouement."

"What is the denouement?" I asked, with a yawn. "Take two people who are intensely in love, yet clever enough to realize that they could never be anything but lovers—that a real friendship was impossible—and see where they work out. That would be the denouement. "Mind, she's absolutely nice," I quoted.

"Well, she is," he answered with sudden anger. I never knew him to resent being teased before.

Late one afternoon I came to an unexpected lull in my work, and that meant just one thing for me. Day or evening—a glimpse of Louise. But I was destined not to get it, for a polite "Not at home" closed the door in my face. I was waiting on the corner for a down-car when I saw some one swing off an up-car in front of her house and run up the steps. As the vestibule light fell on him, I saw with surprise that it was Carol Marks. What was he doing there? He barely knew Louise, and she was not at all the kind of girl he—And there I broke off, with a sickening memory of his accursed story.

I let my car go by, determined to have it out with Carol as he came away. The door opened, I saw his courteous bend of inquiry; the stream of light from within broadened. Then he stepped forward, and the door closed behind him, leaving me alone in the November darkness.

Late that night there was a joyous whistling in the corridor, and a head was poked into my room.

"You here?" called Carol's voice. "That denouement is coming on finely. Want to hear about it?" I kept obstinately silent, and with a laugh he went across to his own quarters. Carol's moods were never affected by the surrounding atmosphere. Other people's depression could not dampen his cheerfulness any more than their gaiety could drive away his blues.

Miserable days followed for me, and they were not improved by the little rumors that began to fly around about Carol and Louise. I was terribly tempted to warn her, for I had not forgotten the look in the eyes of poor little Marguerite, the girl who had given Carol the idea for his most successful novel. But what good would it do? Louise would say I was jealous—and heaven knows I was—and refuse to believe in any other motive. Besides, my pride was too badly hurt by that little episode at her front door for me to make any move just yet. If Carol, too, had been refused admittance I could have fought it out with him then and there, but as it was I could only hold myself aloof. I was too proud to let him see how sore his victory had left me.

I made one little attempt to set things straight, for I wrote her a note asking her to go with me the opening day of Merriam's pictures. She wrote back—pretty regretful—that she had promised to go with some one else; but hoped to see me soon; was sorry to have been out when I called; and a dozen other friendly little phrases that would have sent me up there dying a month before. As it was, I tore the note into shreds and threw it into the waste basket. The fact that I went down on my knees and patiently fished the fragments out again has no bearing on this story.

The day after the exhibition Carol came in radiant with a fresh chapter.

"See here," he began. "Take two people who are utterly uncongenial underneath, and make them fall in love with each other—don't you think that the love could conquer the uncongeniality—develop them into the same kind of people?"

"No, I don't," I answered shortly. "And they wouldn't after they'd been married three months."

"I've got some good dialogue for the story," he went on. Carol never paid the slightest attention to what one answered him. "I want a light scene to balance—that may come. They are at a picture exhibition, and she stands in front of a big painting, her hands on the rail that protects it. 'They're beautiful, and they're strong; don't you think so?' she says. 'Beautiful, yes; but not so strong as these,' he answers, putting his hands beside hers on the railing. 'I meant the pictures,' she protests, moving hers away an inch. 'I don't know. I haven't looked at the pictures,' he says. 'Don't you love them, real ones, like these?' she queries. 'Um. But I love other things better.' 'Me?' she says. 'Yes you.' His hands have almost worked their way along to hers. 'I'm so glad, I love to have you love me,' she says, half under her breath. Her fingers brush his as she lifts them off, and he sees stars, but she whirls him in to the middle of the crowd. She doesn't give him—"

His voice, which had grown vague,

suddenly ran down. He sat staring into space, my presence quite forgotten. I gave an exasperated kick that sent a chair flying, and he pulled himself together, but he did not go on with the story.

For the next few weeks Carol, dimly realizing my unfriendliness, yet too absorbed to bother about the cause of it, left me alone, and I plodded drearily through my days. He came to the surface once to tell me I looked seedy, and to invite me to a small New Year's tea—just a dozen girls and men—in his rooms. I refused as rudely as I knew how, and he forgot all about me again.

New Year's afternoon I came in wet and tired and cold, for the snow had turned into rain, and I had walked a mile or so before I noticed the change. The sound of voices and laughter from across the corridor doubled the forlornness as I shut the door on myself and began to fling off my soaked clothes. After a few minutes a strange odor that had been puzzling me ever since I came in asserted itself and became a definite question. A sense of something feminine was on me. I lit up, to discover on my divan a soft, dark heap of fur and cloth, delicately odorous. Several elaborate umbrellas leaned against it, and a pair of absurd little overshoes stood pigeon-toed on the rug. Carol had annexed a dressing room in honor of his "tea."

There was no mistaking the fur jacket that lay on top, with a bunch of violets pinned on one side, and I had pushed her sleeves into it so often that it made a fool of me. Remember I was lonely and chilled and unhappy, and had not had a breath of anything feminine for six weeks. I don't know how long I had been driving over that precious coat when the sound of voices brought me to my feet with a sudden realization that a shoeless, shirt-sleeved man was not an addition to a ladies' dressing room. I had barely time to step behind the portiere of my closet when the door opened.

"Just till the others go," Carol said. "No, I can't," said another voice, that set my heart pounding. "Besides," with a slight drawl, "don't you think you've gathered material enough by this time? I'm sure there is a bookful. Really, I've taught you all I know about girls in love."

They were still standing in the doorway. He turned and grasped her shoulder. "Louise! Have you been playing with me?" he said, with a note in his voice that no one had ever heard before.

"Why, to be sure. Wasn't that the idea?" she said, drawing away with a careless shrug. Then, in another tone, she added: "You see, I knew Marguerite Dale very well. There was a silence that stung as no words could have, then: "You'd better go back," she said, and without a word he left her.

She picked up her coat, and stood for a moment looking around the room. Her face softened, and, moving very cautiously, she straightened the curtains and pillows. Then, unfastening the violets from her fur, she tucked them under the little red cushion, and slipped away.

In three minutes I was coated and booted and tearing down the stairs. Two or three carriages in a convivial bunch testified to the general tone of the affair within, but the light at the corner showed a little figure in a sealskin coat, waiting for a car. She flushed as I came up, but greeted me gayly.

"Is this a New Year's resolution to be nice to old friends? I thought you had forgotten me?" she said.

"It's a New Year's resolution to make you love me, no matter who's in the field," I blurted out, still holding her hands.

"I'll see that you don't break it," said Louise, letting me look clear down through her eyes to the secret that lay beneath.

Later she told me all about it. "For the first hour or two he dazzled me," she confessed. "Why, he simply carried me off my feet. I don't wonder that girls— But just before the end of the evening I suddenly remembered what he was trying. For a second I was furious. Then I made up my mind to go on and teach him a lesson. I think I have."

"It was pretty rough on me," I complained, "to see him admitted when I got 'Not-at-home' in the face."

"How could I dream you would come that particular afternoon?" she protested. "I expected Carol and didn't want any ordinary callers. When I found that you had been turned away, I could have howled. It spoiled everything for days."

"But that picture in your watch," I said, jealously.

"Why, you saw me put it there yourself," she said. "I cut it out of a catalogue—don't you remember?"—because of his chin. It was ages ago. I thought of it barely in time to let it fly out.

"In Carol's story," I hinted, "he kissed her that first evening."

"And you think I'm that kind of a girl?" said Louise in a hurt tone—and that was as much of an answer as I could ever get out of her on that subject.

"It was a dangerous game," I said, with a long breath of relief. "He deserved it, but—what if you'd made yourself care, too?"

"I had a safeguard against that,"

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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was the satisfying answer.

When I went to my room that night I found Carol stretched on the divan in the dark. He had not even been smoking.

"Well," I began cheerfully, as I lit up, "how's the novel?"

"I don't think I'll write that story," he said, going heavily back to his own room.

Economy. "Now, dearest, just see," said Mrs. Newby, "since I commenced keeping our accounts we haven't got nearly so many bills to pay. Now, see, you haven't got any butcher's bill or milkman's bill to pay at all this month."

"But, darling, we certainly had plenty of meat and milk all the time."

"Yes, dearest," replied Mrs. Newby, "but I bought them from the grocer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hard to Refuse.

Rummy Robinson—"How in de name of all hobs do yer get dem kind ladies to give yer de price of a drink?" "Boozy Bob—"Why, I always tell dem dat I'm going to spend it in a model saloon like de one in New York."

Adventure of an Arctic Traveler.

A recent traveler in arctic Siberia, Mr. Vanderlip, a gold hunter, tells the following of his return to civilization: "I found that half a dozen of the officers and men of the steamer which my employers had sent for me had come to hunt me up. The captain, mounted and I tried to address him in Russian, but he said: 'You forget that I speak English.' Now it is true, that for a few moments I was totally unable to converse with him in my native tongue. I had not used a word of it in conversation for months, and my low physical condition, acting on my nerves, confused my mind and I spoke a jumble of English, Russian and Korak. It was a week before I could talk good, straight English again."

Japan and Russia's Naval Origin.

Russia's navy had its origin in a boat which Queen Elizabeth sent to Ivan the Terrible, and with which later Peter the Great got the "sea craze." Japan's first European type of ship was built by Adams, an Englishman. Holland and Denmark, however, did most of the training of the officers of Japan's modern fleet. Some of them, as is well known, were trained in the United States.

The Largest Grapevine.

The largest grapevine in the world is growing in the Carpinteria valley, twelve miles east of Santa Barbara, Cal., and is called La Para Grande. It was started from a cutting sixty-one years ago by a Spanish woman Don Ayala. It is eight feet four inches in circumference at its base, and one of the horizontal branches measures more than three feet in circumference. The trellis covers about a third of an acre, and sixty heavy posts support it. The vine produces as many as 5,000 bunches annually, at a conservative estimate, and in good years many clusters measure twelve to fifteen inches in length and weigh six to eight pounds. Its owner estimates that in 1895 the vine yielded ten tons of grapes.—Kansas City Journal.

A Lost Opportunity.

John Fox, Jr., author and strummer on the gentle guitar, is also an athlete of no mean prowess, though he does not look it. One day, in a train, with true Kentucky chivalry he called a drummer down for annoying a lady. The drummer resented the interference. "For half a cent," he said menacingly, "I would break your face." Fox looked him good and hard in the eye, went down into his pocket, came out with a cent, and proffered it to the offender, said: "There's a cent break my face if you want to and keep the change."

Mr. Fox's face remained intact—Collier's Weeklv.

The Yellow Fever Germ.

In the report (Bulletin No. 13) of the Marine Hospital Service of Vera Cruz on yellow fever the announcement is made that the parasite causing yellow fever has at last been discovered. The remarkable work recently done in Cuba by the late Major Reed and his colleagues convicted the mosquito of the spread of yellow fever has at last been discovered, and disproved the ancient theory regarding the danger of the so-called fomites—clothing, bedding, etc., with which yellow fever patients have been in contact. It was shown that contact with these was quite incapable of causing an attack of yellow fever, but that *Stegomyia fasciata*, a species of mosquito, was almost certainly the sole agent in spreading the disease. This important work was done, despite the fact that the actual cause of yellow fever, the germ, itself was not known. Several previous investigators, including Surgeon-General Sternberg, thought they had found it, but subsequent study disproved this. According to the Vera Cruz commission their microbe is a form of protozoan, similar to the malarial parasite, and not an ordinary bacterium. It goes through a cycle of changes analogous to those of the malaria germ, and its presence in the mosquito modifies the latter's life in a way to favor its spread of the disease.

Cured of Chronic Diarrhoea After Ten Years of Suffering.

"I wish to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Mrs. Mattie Burge, of Martinsville, Va. "I suffered from chronic diarrhoea for ten years and during that time tried various medicines without obtaining any permanent relief. Last summer one of my children was taken with cholera morbus, and I procured a bottle of this remedy. Only two doses were required to give her entire relief. I then decided to try the medicine myself, and did not use all of one bottle before I was well and I have never since been troubled with that complaint. One cannot say too much in favor of that wonderful medicine." This remedy is for sale by G. R. Wiley Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbetts Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

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Healthy at 70 A Good Record for "L. F.'s."

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Dear Sirs:—
I have used your "L. F." Bitters for a number of years and find them just what they are recommended to be. The best family medicine we have ever used. Also have an uncle over 70 years of age, who says: "There is nothing that ever could take its place for him."

Respectfully,
MRS. C. S. MOODY,
Skowhegan, Me.
R. F. D., No. 7.

To keep well, beyond the usual active life of life, is a blessing. But it is easily done if you use the True "L. F." Atwood's Bitters.

FOR SALE.

Shelburne Spring House, Shelburne, N. H.

The house is near Depot, Post Office and Telegraph Office. In good situation to accommodate White Mountain Tourists. Families and Parties wishing a quiet, pleasant place to spend their vacation will find this all they desire. It is surrounded with beautiful mountain scenery at the base of Mount Winthrop with easy access of Mount Washington and the Presidential groups of the White Mountains.

From Mount Winthrop you get a beautiful view of the valley of the big Androscoggin River shedding its silver light far into the Wilds of Maine. Then, turning your eyes, you look upon Mounts Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and many smaller mountains which skirt the valley below. There are hundreds of views which attract and charm the eye of the Tourist. The streams abound with fish and the forest with game.

A good liverly connected with the house. The ride from Bethel to Shelburne is delightful, passing through one of the most beautiful and charming sections in New England.

House newly furnished, rooms large and airy. Connecting rooms if wanted. Large farm in connection with house from which tables are supplied; also fruit and berries of all kinds.

SHELBURNE SPRING.

From which the house takes its name, comes out of mountain about one thousand feet above the house. The water was analyzed the past year by Prof. Frank L. Barry, State Assayer of Maine, who pronounced it a wonderful spring of water; he says in conclusion, in his analysis, "The value of this water consists in its most remarkable purity, being almost as pure as distilled water."

This is one of the most desirable pieces of hotel property in New England, and can be had at a reasonable price, and on easy terms.

Address,
E. C. BOWLER, Bethel, Me.

Pine State Custom Shoes

For men and women, \$3.50. Best shoe made in Maine. Also Pillsbury-Howe shoe for children. I also have a good stock of Rubbers, Leggings, Moccasins, etc.

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For children, safe, sure. No opiate.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Stub—No, I can't get along with my wife. To every thing I say she retorts "I beg to differ with you!" Penn—You are lucky, old man. My wife just differs without taking time to beg.

A boon to travelers. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Cures dysentery, diarrhoea, seasickness, nausea. Pleasant to take. Perfectly harmless.

Mrs. Mark Eting—What are your chickens worth today? New Boy—I don't dare tell ye, ma'am. The boss sez I must only tell what we're sellin' 'em for.

When bilious take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For Sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

Friend—I suppose the baby is fond of you? Papa—Fond of me? Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home and stays up all night just to enjoy my society.

Ten thousand demons gnawing away at one's vitals couldn't be much worse than the tortures of itching piles. Yet there's a cure. Doan's Ointment never fails.

"Do you think that that wretched little Pattersby is consistent?"

"Yes, I do, and consistency, you know, is a jewel."

"Maybe so. But in Pattersby's case I don't like the setting."

A wheelman's tool bag isn't complete without a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Heals cuts, bruises, stings, sprains. Monarch over pain.

The Pessimist—What is the use of struggling? We must all meet our Waterloo some day. The Optimist—Well, when I meet my Waterloo my name is going to be Wellington.

Beautify your complexion with little cost. If you wish a smooth clear, creamlike complexion, rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, greatest beautifier known. 35 cents.

G. R. WILEY.

Mr. Rinkpate—Part my hair in the middle, please. The Barber—But there is an odd number, sir.

To Cure A Cold In One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Charley (who thinks)—Say, mamma, if we're made of dust, why don't we get muddy when we drink?

Not a cent wanted unless you are cured. If you are sick and ailing, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. A great blessing to the human family. Makes you well—keeps you well. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

G. R. WILEY.

"Men and women are the hooks and eyes of society," remarked Miss Smith.

"And they are constantly becoming unfastened," naively put in the divorcee.

Women love a clear healthy complexion. Pure blood makes it. Burdock Blood Bitters makes pure blood.

Mr. Goodthing—How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby? Her young brother—Well, it's a little too small—she has an awful hard time getting it off when the other fellows call!

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Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It saves thousands—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it, ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

For Sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, Maine.

The Weather Report.

We can only gasp and wriggle like the lobster in the pot. Knowing, feeling, caring nothing. Nothing is hot, hot, hot. Fans are but a thing of form. Drinks are merely liquid fuel. And the very ice is warm.

—Exchange.

A ROSEATE BLUNDER

The Happy Results that Followed a Strange Mistake.

By Harry E. Andrews.

It was such a big bunch of violets and the stems were so fabulously long that Lisbeth screamed with enthusiasm. Hartley was decorated with a great scarlet poinsettia, which sprawled over his coat like an incendiary octopus.

"Is it too warm," he asked dubiously.

"The idea!" she trilled in the best of humor. "It would be rather hilarious on Fifth Avenue, but it's just the thing for the Tournament of Roses."

As they followed the adobe road that leads from Los Angeles to its most beautiful suburbs, the horses high of action, the chains clanking merrily, the runaway rolling dreamily on its cushion tires, not a cloud in the sky, the January air sweet with the elixir of June, and Lisbeth sitting there in her sailor hat and white shirt waist, flaunting the purple violets, a vision of a perfumed Summer—it was a timely and pertinent thing that Hartley said, though a thing that many a fellow had said before.

"This is the happiest New Year's day of my life!" he told her.

"Why?" she asked, with the frankest glance and the most amused little laugh.

Supposed she had asked why the world is round, why the moon is not made of green cheese? The absurdity of answering a thing like that!

"Why," he stammered. "Why—'you know'!" He stopped, baffled by her manner.

"How sweet!" she inconsequently murmured, drawing in the fragrance of the orange grove they were passing.

A trite allusion tottered on his lips, but he snatched it back, as if it were a child in danger. He had hoped to say a number of such things during the drive, but Lisbeth had never before been so difficult. It was Arnold Hartley's way to try to carry things by storm. He never had waited for anything to come to him, and perhaps that was why everything had not come.

"Lisbeth," he pursued, "do you know why I came to Southern California?"

But Lisbeth, though she was not usually a stupid girl, refused to understand his drift. She answered his question with another, Yankee fashion.

"How could any one help coming?" she said, with an enthusiasm that checked-mated him. "It's the most delightful country I ever saw!"

But a man may be so persistent that a falling star would not more than jolt his main purpose should it alight at his feet.

"Perhaps you don't quite understand me, Lisbeth," Hartley had the courage to resume.

"Why do men imagine themselves inscrutable?" she asked mischievously. "Hark! Don't you hear the band? Tum-tum-tum!"

Hartley bit his lip and swished the whip against the flank of one of the blacks. "We'll hurry on," he said. He raised the lines a bit and the pair started gallantly. He was an excellent whip and the runaway spun along with an airy, exhilarating whirl that suggested wings and brought a new red to Lisbeth's cheeks. Such driving required sharp heed to the road, and Hartley did not speak for five minutes.

"Delicious!" she cried exultantly. "This is what I like."

Hartley felt another twinge. The day had been disappointing. Couldn't a sweet girl be bitter when she chose? He was in brown groves when he turned into Orange Grove avenue, and he thought of tearing that giddy red thing from his coat. It was preposterous!

But the procession was forming and he had to busy his hands with the reins. A marshal came galloping down upon them. His horse wore a collar of pink roses, and he sat ruthlessly on broad middle saps of purple

Bougainvillea blossoms, his blue and yellow silk belying out behind him like a spinnaker. The excitement of the flower parade was beginning. Hartley urged his horses by, to let the bicycles have the road.

"Has the Governor come?" he heard one of the mounted ask his blooming chief.

"No, I'm afraid he won't be here," was the answer; "but we'll start right on the dot. You tell—"

The rest was cut off by the noise of a brass band, pounding down the street at the head of an infantry company wearing Spanish war medals and loaded with garlands.

"Oh, see! Look here!" cried Lisbeth. A chariot of yellow bloom had turned into the avenue from a cross street. It was a transformed drag, the body a mass of marigolds, the wheels great disks of white carnations with hubs of red, the horses tricked out with yellow poppies.

"We seem to have front seats," said Hartley, as he sheered to avoid the hubs of a Japanese car of chrysanthemums that grazed his runaway.

"Oh, it just suits me," Lisbeth replied, with ingenious satisfaction. A vociferous aide in a rose-bedecked sombrero galloped up. His bridle, his saddle girth and all his trappings were woven of petals of La France. He nervously shouted orders here and there.

"Wrong place! Fluster back there! Palmetto street—double hitch!" he yelled, glaring at Hartley and his companion as he swooped by.

"Did he speak to us?" Hartley asked, rather nettled.

"He took that liberty," laughed Lisbeth.

It was exceedingly disconcerting to a driver, and the blacks were beginning to show signs of nerves, too.

A squad of mounted policemen rode roughly along the edges of the avenue, pushing back to the curbs the encroaching crowds. The marshal in the rosy sombrero followed. He was on fire with excitement.

"Shy!" he shouted, "I tell you you're in the wrong place!" He shot his observation directly at Hartley, who sat aghast at the impudence. "Back there two blocks—quick! I tell you we're almost ready to start!"

The horseman continued, so preoccupied that he paid no heed to Hartley's expostulation, but with a hypnotizing gesture of his gauntlet put spurs to his horse. Confused and indignant, Hartley turned his prancing team, and after a moment's hesitation followed the marshal's direction. There seemed to be nothing else to do. A lawyer who is self-possessed in the emergencies of a court room may lose himself in a rose carnival.

The bugle rang again the command, "Forward!" was echoed down the line, the bands tooted up, and before the bewildered Hartley and his absorbed companion realized what had happened the procession had started and they were in it.

"By Jove!" cried Hartley, redder than ever.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lisbeth ambiguously.

Their hitch was arrayed in a division of two-horse traps, more or less decorated; they could not stop without stopping the whole show, and at either hand the pack on foot and in carriages was so dense that they could not fall out. They moved slowly and spectacularly up the avenue.

"What would you do?" asked Hartley in an appealing way.

"Watch for our chance—then take it!" Lisbeth answered. Hartley's heart gave a little jump.

The horses paraded as if it were a pleasure to be exhibited. Hartley was not so much at ease, but a twinkle came into his eye. He could see that people were staring genially at them. No feature of the parade seemed to attract more attention. Lisbeth grew restless. "I don't know," she said. "Can't you find some way out of it?"

"I'll watch for my chance, then take it," Hartley retorted, smiling.

"Where's the Governor?" he heard a bystander ask.

"Went back on us," was the answer of the ever present oracle. "Who's that in the tall hat behind the fancy pair of blacks?"

Hartley flushed and Lisbeth moved uneasily in her seat. He tried to spy a break in the lines of people, through which they might escape from the parade, but it had fastened its floral coils around them, and they couldn't evade it except by making themselves more conspicuous. Soon, as he felt his identity swallowed by the imposing tangle of a flower or piece of a mile and a half long, Hartley became somewhat reconciled. Certainly he need not blush for his turnout, from the well groomed steeds with their sprightly gait and lustrous harness to the lovely girl beside him, who had lost her self-consciousness in her admiration of the floral miracles.

"I don't care!" she said finally. "It's superb. And to think it's the first day of January!"

A glowing red and white chariot glittered by. It was built of roses, thousands of them, and from its top twelve schoolgirls shot flower tipped arrows into the crowds, who went gay with delight. Two beautiful roses fell into Miss Marlowe's lap, and Hartley gallantly raised his silk hat.

"By George! There he is now!" said a voice on the sidewalk.

Hartley turned and saw all eyes leveled at him. A shower of rosy darts came down from "The Royal Hunt." Automatically he raised his hat again. Any gentleman would have done it, but the crowds burst into applause.

"Great heavens!" said he in alarm. "I believe—"

"The Governor! The Governor!" The cry ran down the whole length of the street, and everybody's neck

was craned. "That's he! Don't you see him, driving that black pair?" people said to one another. There was a clapping of hands, then a cheer, then a volley of hurrahs. Hartley was struck dumb.

"It's quite distressing," said Lisbeth faintly.

Hartley's eyes flashed. He thought he was growing stronger. He essayed a nonchalant air and succeeded in being stiff. The demonstrations increased as they drew nearer to the reviewing stand.

"He'll make a speech—let's get up closer!" one woman said to another, and there was a violent surging toward the platform, which the police tried to restrain.

Then a mounted aide dashed up, he of the rosy sombrero, who had waved them into the show. He saluted till his hat brim almost swept the ground. A drum corps drowned what he said, but evidently it was an apology.

Hartley rose to his seat and did his utmost to make the marshal hear him; but the crowd took the movement as an acknowledgment of its greetings and applauded rapturously. The marshal dashed off again and reported to the head of the column.

Hartley and Miss Marlowe were near the left of the line. When they arrived at the reviewing stand the blockading crowds stopped them and the rest of the procession. Two men held their horses while others fairly lifted them from their seat and carried them to the platform. It was impossible to get a hearing. One of the bands started "Hail to the Chief!"

Then another band joined in the acclaim. "It's all a mistake!" yelled Hartley to a tall man covered with badges and things, who had seized both his hands.

"Yes . . . mistake! . . . not here . . . apologies . . . meet you . . . Committee thought . . . hadn't come . . . Governor!"

Hartley caught these fragments, while "bum-rumty-tum!" went the bands. They stopped and the mob started up again. Hartley grasped the man nearest him and desperately began to explain; but the tall dignitary with so many ribbons and sashes had jumped to the rail, waived his arm, and shouted, "Fellow citizens!"

There was a second's hush, then the Mayor went on, "I have the happiness to introduce the Governor and his wife!" and he made a flourish toward Hartley and Miss Marlowe. Shout rose on shout. Both bands got off together. The last chance but one was gone—and that was the chance of Hartley's life.

When the tumult had partly subsided, Hartley bowed to right and left and approached the rail, Lisbeth clinging to him all a-tremble.

"My friends," he began, "as I have vainly tried to tell you before, I am not the Governor, nor anybody in particular." He paused, and the crowd's amazement palpitated in the stillness. "I am an untitled New York lawyer by chance a visitor to your beautiful city," he continued, "and this lady—well—"

The silence was strained. People were not breathing. An all illuminating flash burst upon Hartley, an irradiating resolution. "This lady," he went on, "is not my wife—but she's going to be!"

No such cheer ever uplifted the Governor of a commonwealth as exploded from that crowd then. It was a collision of surprise and delight, an ecstatic crash. Sopranos broke upon basso and tenors banged against contraltos in the chorus of delicious congratulations. Though all the hands were waving, nobody heard them. Men waved their hats and women threw flowers. Horsemen tore garlands from their steeds and flung them at the two quivering figures on the stand. A little girl jumped up and handed Lisbeth a silk flag. She wished it were a vinaigrette. The Mayor kissed her. She would have preferred a glass of water. Hartley dared not look at her till he felt a gentle pressure on his arm; then he saw her smiling through her tears.

As they descended from the platform, the crowd parted and restrained itself. "God bless ye!" said one old lady—and that was all they heard.

"The happiest New Year's day of my life, my love," he said, when the blacks were dancing back on the adobe road.

"I'm glad of every bit of it," said she.

Whether Ireland is the finest country in the world for growing flax, it is, beyond dispute, the finest in the world for bleaching linen. No where else can the snow-white finished fabric be turned out to rival the Irish bleach. France, Belgium, Germany, and America have all entered into competition with us, and retire unsuccessful. The quality of the water, the climate, and the inherited experience of the Irish bleachers all contribute to the result—World's Work.

How many people know that the grinding wheels of sickle grinders are made of sawdust, sand and salt fused with coke at 7,000 degrees of heat? For quick work a wheel made of this combination beats the band, but the material used in the construction is such that to leave the wheels exposed to weather is soon ruinous. After getting wet a substance often forms on the surface of the wheel that resembles salt and we have learned to never expose them in this way.

It is necessary in some parts of Ireland for carmen to have their names legibly written on the tailboard of the car. Inspector—What's the meanin' of this, Pat? Your name's o-b-literated. Pat—Ye lle—it's O'Brien!—Punch.

Why is a joke like a chicken? Because it contains a merry thought.

What is the drierest subject? The mummy.

THIS IS "SPORT."

Mr. Rymington Watson, of Bromland, England, is modestly receiving the congratulations of his friends. With eight guests he has "broken the record" by shooting 2,748 grouse in one day.

Counting ten hours' work, which is about what union rules allow, the nine "guns" must have averaged one bird killed in a little less than two minutes. The actual shooting was even more rapid. Not many "misses" can have been made, but hundreds of wounded birds undoubtedly got away to recover in some cases, in others to die by inches.

A curious idea of "sport" that! The crude and brutal mentality of a "railing class" which can find joy in such slaughter may explain Tibet expeditions and other blood-stained intrigues where men, not grouse, are the quarry.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

The original LAXATIVE cough remedy.

The genuine FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR is a Yellow package. Refuse substitutes.

Prepared only by Foley & Company, Chicago.

For Sale by G. R. Wiley.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**
FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND CROUPS
Price 50c & \$1.00 Free Trial.
Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

12,000 Farm Hunters
and more answered our extensive newspaper advertising last year.
In Maine alone we sold 230 farms during '04. If you want to sell, write today for our free farm description blanks.
We require no payment in advance. We use our own money to advertise your property. We sell stores, mills, shops and hotels.
E. A. STROUT FARM AGENCY
150 Nassau St., N.Y. Tremont Temple, Boston.
E. C. Bowler, Bethel, Maine, Agent for Western Oxford.

PARLOR PRIDE STOVE POLISH
LIQUID—READY FOR INSTANT USE
A few drops of Parlor Pride Stove Polish gives the stove a brilliant lustre shine, making the stove fit for the parlor. No soiled hands—easy to apply—always ready. No water used (water used in paste polishes rusts the stove). No dried up paste remains after using a while. PARLOR PRIDE good to the last drop. \$1.11 by all dealers, in Bethel by G. R. Wiley.
Main St.

They Cure! Harvard Headache Powders
Will be found to give immediate relief in all cases of Nervous, Neuralgia, and Sick Headache. 25 cents per box.—Prepared and Sold by
F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.
Mail orders promptly filled.

DESK GIVEN AWAY
With \$10 worth of our Soaps, Extracts, Spices, Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Toilet Goods and Standard Groceries. Send at once for our new big catalogue of 200 PREMIUMS.
HOME SUPPLY COMPANY,
Dep. U. Augusta, Me.

ON JUNE 28TH THE New England Telephone & Telegraph Company's Directory
Goes to press. Why should not your name be included in this, the most universal of all Directories?

RIA
d which has been the signature of de under his per- since its infancy. receive you in this, as-good" are but, ger the health of inst Experiment.

ORIA
Castor Oil, Pare- is Pleasant. It r other Narcotic destroys Worms rrhoea and Wind ad, regulates the ad, natural sleep. Friend.

A ALWAYS
of

here
ays Bought Years.

How Fever Germ, (Bulletin No. 13) of Hospital Service of Vera low fever the announce- that the parasite caus- er has at last been dis- remarkable work re- Cuba by the late Major colleagues convicted the spread of yellow fev- been discovered, and dis- cient theory regarding the so-called for- ites, etc., with which patients have been in- is shown that contact is quite incapable of ick of yellow fever, but a fasciata, a species of almost certainly the spreading the disease work was done, despite the actual cause of yel- germ, itself was not at previous investiga- Surgeon-General Stern they had found it, but disproved this. Ac- Vera Cruz commission is a form of protozoan, malarial parasite, and y bacterium. It goes e of changes analogous malaria germ, and its mosquito modifies the a way to favor its disease.

onic Diarrhoea After
rs of Suffering.

say a few words in hamberlain's Colic, Diarrhoea Remedy," lie Burge, of Martins suffered from chronic and years and during various medicines any permanent reme-one of my children cholera morbus, and otile of this remedy, es were required to relief. I then decid- medicine myself, and of one bottle before and I have never since with that complaint. too much in favor of al medicine." This sale by G. R. Wiley Dennison, West Beth- betts Locke Mills; J. lead.

t Opportunity, author and strummer is also an ath- gular, is also an ath- in prowess, though he a far annoying a lady, resenting the interfe- a cent," he said me- him good and hard in down into his pocket, a cent, and proffering ader, said, "There's a ad, if you want to and s."

Cures Grip in Two Days, on every box. 25c.

The Bethel News

Published Wednesdays by the
News Publishing Company,
BETHEL, MAINE.

E. C. BOWLER, Editor.
Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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If you want to discontinue your paper, write to the publisher yourself, and don't leave it to the postmaster.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1905.

The Longest Lawsuit.

Spain boasts probably the longest lawsuit in the world's history. It began in 1517 and is still sub judice. The case, which concerns a pension, is between the Marquis de Viana and the Count Terres de Cabrera, and the accumulated sum in dispute would have reached fabulous millions had not four centuries of attorneys, barristers and court officials taken considerable measures of appropriation to prevent the sum becoming unwieldy.

Maine Man Chosen.

Hon. Chas. E. Littlefield was one of the new directors elected and accepted by the board of directors of the Equitable Life Assurance society recently. Mr. Littlefield did not seek the position and his election had been practically decided on before he knew his name had even been suggested. Mr. F. H. Hazelton of Portland, Equitable manager for Maine, desired to have some one to represent Maine policy holders on the board, and selected Mr. Littlefield. It is believed he will make a strong and working member of the board, and his election gives general satisfaction.

Bowdoin College.

Any young gentleman who is considering the matter of expense of taking a collegiate education, will be interested to learn that at Bowdoin College one hundred seventy-nine aids to students were rendered last year, and the number thus benefitted is more liable to be increased than diminished in future years. This number covers one hundred and three scholarships and twenty-two prizes. The remainder represents aid furnished from the Garcelon & Merritt Fund, and compensation paid for assistance in the scientific class rooms and gymnasium, choir service, monitor service, and other like matters. The scholarships ran from one hundred and twelve dollars to forty-five dollars, and the prizes averaged about forty dollars. In addition to the above is the Charles Carroll Everett Post-Graduate Scholarship of five hundred dollars now offered as a prize to the senior class.

Earthquake Jars the State.

An earthquake affecting a large portion of Maine and extending into New Hampshire and Massachusetts occurred Saturday morning, and was noticeable for about 10 seconds. The trembling awoke many people from sound sleep, and was reported from Bangor to Kittery, and from above Farmington to east of Rockland, being most severe in central Maine, especially Augusta and Waterville. A number of chimneys were shaken down in Gardiner, and it is reported the sound was like a concussion, or the bursting of air pressure.

Residents of Bethel were awakened about 5:10 a. m., but before they could hardly realize what was taking place the disturbance was over.

Your food must be properly digested and assimilated to be of any value to you. If your stomach is weak or diseased take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat and gives the stomach a rest, enabling it to recuperate, take on new life and grow strong again. Kodol cures sour stomach, gas, bloating, heart palpitation and all digestive disorders. Sold by G. R. Wiley, DW

Ayer's

Bald? Scalp shiny and thin?
Then it's probably too late.
You neglected dandruff. If
you had only taken our ad-
vice, you would have cured

Hair Vigor

the dandruff, saved your hair,
and added much to it. If
not entirely bald, now is your
opportunity. Improve it.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 40 years. I am now 91 years old and have a heavy growth of rich brown hair, due, I think, entirely to Ayer's Hair Vigor."
Mrs. M. A. Smith, Belleville, Ill.
50c a bottle.
All druggists.

Good Hair

ODDS AND ENDS.

Don't put on every shoe that fits you.

The man who waits for good things to come to him finds that they have gone the other road.

One great trouble in life is that the paths for going wrong are planted so prettily with flowers at the beginning.

It is easy enough to be good natured if you haven't anything else to do.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," but if you are in need you sometimes find he is simply a bowing acquaintance.

Men bet on horses, but horses never bet on men. Horses have horse sense.

If you would be a social favorite study your own faults more and other people's less.

You have a good many faults of your own. Why are you so hard on the faults of others?

A married man never fails to get his wife's undivided attention when he talks in his sleep.

While a rolling stone gathers no moss, it will acquire some polish.

Place your sorrows in your book of experience, but keep them out of your daily life.

The fellow who keeps his troubles to himself has learned the secret of popularity.

A new idea in a cough syrup is the Laxative principal and is original with Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. This cough syrup assists in expelling colds from the system by gently moving the bowels. Best for coughs, colds, croup, etc. The red clover blossom is on every package of the original Laxative Cough Syrup. Sold by G. R. Wiley, DW

Gen. Blackmar Dead.

Gen. W. W. Blackmar, commander in chief of the G. A. R., died in Boise, Idaho, July 16, of nephritis. The body will be taken to the home of the family in Boston, for burial. Gen. Blackmar arrived in Idaho on July 10 on an inspection tour of the Grand Army posts throughout the northwest.

General Blackmar had intended, after visiting Idaho, to go to Portland, Ore., Tacoma and Seattle, Wash., and Sitka, Alaska. It is claimed that since his election to office he has visited Grand Army departments and posts oftener than any of his predecessors, and in less than a year he had inspected practically every department in the country. The exhausting trips which these visits make necessary, affected his physical condition.

The leadership of the G. A. R., now devolves upon the senior vice commander, Gen. John R. King of Baltimore.

She Tried Five Doctors.

Mrs. Frances L. Sales of Missouri Valley, Ia., writes "I have been afflicted with kidney trouble five years; had severe pains in my back and a frequent desire to urinate. When riding I experienced much pain over the region of the kidneys. I tried five physicians without benefit and then concluded to try Foley's Kidney Cure. After taking three \$1.00 bottles I was completely cured." Sold by G. R. Wiley.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

POULTRY

TO EMPTY FOWL'S CROP.

Simple Method Giving Excellent Results Unattended by Danger.

A farmer who has been very successful in caponizing young cockerels, found a way to empty a fowl's crop without using a knife, and it was not attended with any fatality. He simply brings in use the family fountain syringe, putting on the largest nozzle, and taking the fowl under his left arm, inserts the nozzle. A little water will pass into the crop, and, removing the nozzle, he kneads and presses the crop till some of the contents comes out by way of the throat. Inserting again the nozzle more water passes in the crop, and the operation is repeated and continued till the crop is empty and rinsed.

The man said that he treated 125 capons in this way within a period of about ten hours. He had fed them one morning a mess of shredded beets with meal stirred in. This would have been a cheap and digestible feed, but thinking to add some ginger to the mixture, he put in white hellebore instead, and the capons were actually poisoned. At the end of 24 hours some lay prone upon the ground, and he began work upon these first. Those last operated on had this poisoned food in their crops 36 hours. There was not a loss in the whole 125 fowls, all being ready for the next morning's feed. -Indiana Farmer.

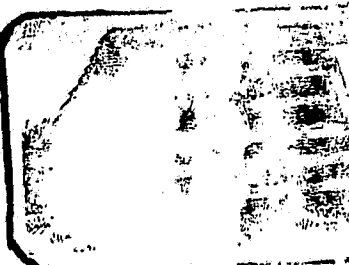
Selecting Fowls for Hatching.

There are few farmers that separate the breeding stock from the flock, but it is certainly best to do so if one is desirous of good results. It is now time to select the fowls from which you expect to furnish eggs for the early hatches. It should not be treated as a light matter for upon this point much of your success may depend. If you have fowls that have been sick or drooping during the fall and winter do not use them for they would certainly have a bad effect, even if they are well, seemingly. Do not neglect to feed foods rich in lime for these help to make the shell and furnish material in the egg to make the bones of the little downy birds. Meat and the various grains will supply flesh. Keep the drinking vessels well filled with warm water, which is the necessity for a large percent of the eggs is made up of water.

Provide nest-boxes with clean straw; change the contents often. It is said a nest that is clean and properly made is an inducement to laying hens; not only that but dirty eggs are spoiled by being left in the nest and allowed to chill during cold weather; they should be gathered at least three times a day. Keep in an even temperature until ready to set them, which time should not exceed four or five days.

Easily Constructed Coop.

The common A-shaped coop is one of the most easily constructed and convenient forms in use. The one disadvantage connected with it is the difficulty of removing the feeding and drinking vessels for cleaning or of catching a bird in it without danger of some of the birds escaping. To obviate this, one of the slats may be made to slide, as shown in the illustration.



The opening made by the sliding slat is sufficient to admit the head and arm so that any part of the coop may be reached without leaving an avenue of escape unguarded.

Novel Farm Machinery.

In Germany the farmers have utilized the bicycle to operate threshing machines and mills. The motive power is gasoline and a few cents worth supplies the farmer for a couple of days' running of the mill. The miller who stands by the motor cycle engine, has connected the same by a pulley with the grindstone, which was evidently first worked by a hand crank. While the miller's man feeds the mill on one side his wife stands by and sweeps the threshed and freshly winnowed corn into the bin which is just below the level of the floor, at the rate at which it is evidently falling. The simple mill must be a money making investment, and it is certainly a labor saving device of a most modern method.

To Relieve Bowel Trouble.

When the excrement secreted by the kidneys, which is normally pure white, appears yellow, though the droppings are solid and the bird appears perfectly healthy, look out for bowel trouble. A little extract of logwood, put into the drinking water, is excellent to correct any form of intestinal ailment.

Rheumatism in Fowls.

If you find a fowl disinclined to stand, with joints hot and swollen, rheumatism has taken hold. Damp quarters are liable to bring on this disease, and it is not an easy one to cure. Here is where the ounce of prevention comes in most helpfully.

Disease takes no summer vacation.
If you need flesh and strength use

Scott's Emulsion

summer as in winter.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street,
New York.
50c and \$1.00; all druggists.

STATE NEWS.

Aroostook Falls is 60 miles or thereabouts from Houlton, yet it is proposed to carry electricity over that distance for lighting purposes.

There are 51 savings banks in Maine and the total liabilities are \$84,469,209.41, against \$82,741,563.41 six months ago, a gain of \$1,727,645.99.

The State school of methods is in session at Fort Fairfield with an attendance of 40 teachers, and will continue until July 28. The State examination of teachers will be held at the close of the school.

Calais housewives are rejoicing in a good supply of servant girls fresh from Bonnie Scotland. They came from Dundee to work in the cotton mill, but failing employment there have taken places in households.

Mrs. Mary Cunningham of Bangor, recently celebrated the 107th anniversary of her birth. Mrs. Cunningham has excellent eyesight, hears well, and has a remarkably clear memory. She was born in the town of Sedgwick, Me.

Word has reached Shiloh of the arrival of the yacht Coronet at the island of Malta, in the Mediterranean. This is the Holy Ghost missionary vessel on which is Sanford and some of his satellites who are bound on a voyage to the old world for converts and cash.

In many States towns have been given the right to bar autos from the public highways or the streets of the villages. The Maine legislature granted this right to the town of Castine at its last session and is likely to give other towns a similar power when it next meets.

A party numbering over eighty, from Northport and Belfast made an excursion to Stockton recently and inspected the water and other road operations of the Cape Jeddah. Belfast man T. S. is said to be the largest individual who has been in the country and it has been constructed in the most substantial manner, with a plating of pine caps and planking, a strongly bolted together.

Thomaston High won the first prize for Maine High schools, offered by a Boston daily, in a voting contest. This enables the school to send its assistant principal, Miss Edith A. Bicknell, of Rockland, to the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and to receive a valuable group of statuary as a direct prize for the entire school. Miss Bertha Wilson also receives a special prize of \$20 for being the scholar collecting the most votes.

HELP WANTED.

I want to hire a large number of girls, boys and women to pick raspberries. These will be ready to pick about July 25 and last about four weeks. I shall have a large crop and pay good prices. Board furnished at \$2.00 per week. I will make it \$1.75 to all who stay with me through the whole of the berry season. I can provide rooms and tents for a few parties who may prefer to camp and board themselves. To those who can only come for a days work occasionally I will say that we nearly always need extra help, the day after a rain storm and on Friday, Sunday and Monday as I cannot market the berries. Extra pay for Sunday work. Thanking all for past favors in helping me out after stormy weather and at other times, I am

Sincerely yours,
H. E. MAXIM,
Locke Mills, Me.

FARM AND GARDEN

PLANTING TREES.

Best Results When Soil, Location and Drainage Are Considered.

First in importance in planting trees is the right selection of the soil best adapted to the kinds to be planted. For apple, pear and plum trees the clay or heavy loams are desirable and preferable, but they will thrive and produce excellent fruit on higher or sandy loams.

For grapes, a shale composed of rock that steadily disintegrates is ideal. An abundant of potash is necessary for fruit trees, and the clay or heavy loam soils are generally better supplied with this element of plant food than the lighter or sandy loams.

Then, too, these soils, being of a finer formation of grains, carry more moisture, and hence stand drought better. The lighter or sandy soils, however, may be made to produce excellent fruit by a somewhat different system of management, as by the frequent plowing in of green crops, such as clover and peas, and by extra tillage.



Methods of Propagating Trees.

Age to conserve moisture. In locating orchards select, elevated positions. On level land little choice may be had, but in selections that are hilly or rolling, choose the higher places. For this there are several reasons.

Natural drainage is generally good, and the expense of under-draining is avoided. The temperature on an elevation is several degrees higher in cold or frosty weather than in a valley. Sometimes as many as ten or fifteen degrees.

During late spring and early autumn frosts the blossoms and tender young fruits are less liable to injury on the higher land. Cold air, being heavier than warm, will roll off and down from the hillside and settle in the valleys, as water will seek the lower levels.

Again, insects are less troublesome on high situations. They like sheltered places. For these reasons, the selection of orchard sites need to be carefully studied and considered.

In planting orchards, the land should be prepared by a year of previous cultivation of a crop of corn or wheat, which require thorough tillage. This puts the soil in good condition for trees, so that their roots may be able to push out readily in all directions, and advances growth materially the first year.

The illustration shows a variety of trees, and a bud of the desired variety may be cut at the cross line. The tree is cut off at the cross line, and when the bud grows a new tree.

The cross line tree No. 2 indicates where the branches are to be cut. The tree is cut off at the cross line, and when the bud grows a new tree.

No. 4 shows a peach tree one year old as received from the nursery, and No. 5 the tree properly pruned for planting.

Grafting is done by cutting off branches and inserting scions, as illustrated in No. 6. This process may be used in grafting trees at two or more years of age, as indicated by the cross line in No. 3.

The soil should be frequently stirred about the trees to keep them growing. When they are planted in sod and are left to a contest with grass and weeds for existence many fail to grow or to produce any fruit.

Care in Manuring.

It is easier to spoil a hot bed by the use of too much manure than by not enough. One must also judge the condition of the manure at the time it goes into the bed. As a rule it is best to pile it into a heap and when it becomes good and hot, work it all over into another pile and in a day or two repeat the operation. When treated in this way, so as to be thoroughly hot all the way through, about fifteen inches tramped down is sufficient. On this should be placed from four to six inches of rich mellow earth free from weed seeds.

A Good Strawberry.

A very good and promising medium early strawberry is the Louis Hubach. The fruit is above medium size, flattened, occasionally but usually conical and dark crimson color. The flesh is red, firm, acid but good. The plants are good growers, clean, strong and healthy. The flowers are imper-

Worms?

Many children are troubled with worms, and treated for something else. A few doses of Dr. True's Elixir will expel worms if they exist, and prove valuable in all cases of worm infestation.

DR. F. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

WANT COLUMN.

For Sale.

House of 8 rooms, 6 closets, store-room, pantry and summer kitchen. Fine deep cellar, never freezes. City water, also good well at door. Large stable with deep basement. All in good condition. Orchard, acre of good fertile land, suitable for market garden. Located in center of village. Delightful place for summer home or permanent residence. Will sell on easy terms. A. M. Farwell, Bethel, Me.

For Sale.

One-horse Mowing Machine, nearly new and in good order. One pair double harness, and one buggy wagon in good condition, also for sale. Inquire of G. L. Blake or W. L. Chapman. 9w3

For Sale.

A second hand open Buggy. May be seen at my stable. Dr. I. H. Wight, Bethel, Me. 1w9

The Only Survivor.

of the Hayes Arctic Expedition, Mr. S. J. McCormick, now U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor, Bliss Station, Idaho, says: "For years I have suffered from severe pains in the hip joint and back bone, depriving me of all power. The cause was Stone in the Bladder and Gravel in the Kidneys. After using Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., I was completely cured."

Breaths there a man with soul so

dead, who never to himself has said, "I'll pay before I go to bed, the debt I owe the printer?" There are some, we know full well, who never such a tale can tell; but they, we fear will go to—well, the place where there's no winter.

The Diamond Cure.

The latest news from Paris, is that they have discovered a diamond cure for consumption. If you fear consumption or pneumonia, it will, however, be best for you to take that great remedy mentioned by W. T. McGee, of Vaeleer, Tenn. "I had a cough, for fourteen years. Nothing helped me, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which gave instant relief, and effected a permanent cure." Unequaled quick cure, for Throat and Lung Troubles. At all drug stores; price 50c and \$1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

A woman stepped into a judge's office in a nearby county seat and said to his honor, "Are you judge of the probate?" "Well, I am judge of the probate, if that is what you mean," replied the judge. "Yes I mean that," said the woman, "my husband died and left me three little children. I want to be appointed their guardian."

Rocky Mountain Nuggets

A Rare and New Bay People. Golden Nugget and Renewed Vigor. A cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Gall Bladder Troubles, Rheumatism, Blood and Skin Diseases, Bowels, Headache and Back Pain. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 30 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLZNER'S DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.

GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

A man stopped me on the street the other day and said we did not publish all the things that happened. We should say we don't. In the first place there's somebody else depending on us for a living. If we published all that happened we would soon be with the angels. In order to please the people we must print only the nice things said of them and leave the rest to gossip. Yes, it's a fact, we don't print all the news. If we did wouldn't it make one day only. The next day you would read our obituary, and there would be a new face in heaven. "All the news" is all right when it's about the other fellow.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Beware of cheap imitations.

Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

HAL

Always restores color to the hair. The hair dandruff disappears.

WEST BET

All the Latest News from

Neighbors

Warm, wilying wealth. New mown hay m these mid-summer day

A few farmers are while others are just b

Mrs. Harry Seeley Central Maine Hospi ment.

Mrs. Bertha Cliffo dale, Mass., have been Grover and wife dur week.

Charles Dunham wa week by his daughte Covell, and her son, of

Mrs. Lois Cordelia Portland Friday, and from the church in th day afternoon.

Mrs. Loton Hutch Weymouth, Mass., is parents, Mr. and Mr ings.

G. D. Morrill and are getting the hay farm near the hotel, A. M. Stahl of Berlin,

Elbert R. Briggs Saturday, after spendi with his sisters in Alba Paris.

H. B. Lowell and have been haying fo Brown and Addison S.

Beware of Ointments that Contain Me

as mercury will surely de of smell and completely whole system when ente the mucous surfaces, should never be used ex tions from reputable phy damage they will do is good you can possibly de Hall's Catarrh Cure, M F. J. Cheney & Co., Tol no mercury, and is take ing directly upon the blo surfaces of the system Hall's Catarrh Cure be a genuine. It is taken made in Toledo, Ohio, b & Co. Testimonials free Sold by Druggists. I bottle. Take Hall's Family P tion.

EAST-BETH

Mr. C. F. Swan retu ington, D. C. Monday.

Miss Rosie Greenwood Mrs. Carrie Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. Norr are at C. M. Kimball's haying.

Miss Agnes Howar ence Somers, from Wal Hanover, visited here S

Mrs. Eli Swan and South Paris were gue Swan's last week.

Mrs. Insley Young dren from Massachuset ing a number of weeks home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo and daughter from Ma arrived here Saturday a keeping in their usual a

Mr. Clarence D. Hov tham, Mass., is spend vacation at his uncle's, ing's, and assisting in

Z. W. Bartlett is havi ings repainted, the wor by Mr. Clinton Littlef Brown.

Mrs. J. W. Bean is her sister Mrs. Lillia three children from Vir

Bent Her Dou

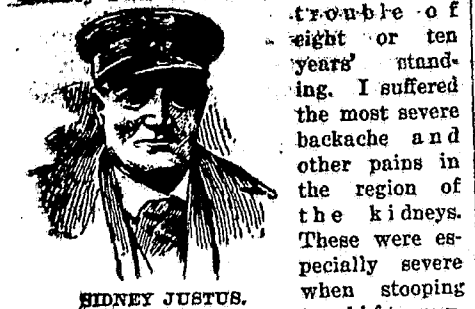
"I knew no one, fo when I was sick with kidney trouble," writes Hunter, of Pittsburgh, Pa I got better, although the best doctors I cou bent double, and had hands on my knees w From this terrible aff rescued by Electric B restored my health a and now I can walk a ever. They are simply Guaranteed to cure s and kidney disorders; stores; price 50c.

AN OLD MAN'S TRIBUTE.

An Ohio Fruit Raiser, 78 Years Old, Cured of a Terrible Case After Ten Years of Suffering.

When suffering daily torture from backache, rheumatic pain, any ill of kidneys or bladder, turn to Doan's Kidney Pills. A cure endorsed by thousands. Read an old man's tribute.

Sidney Justus, fruit dealer, of Mentor, Ohio, says: "I was cured by Doan's Kidney Pills of a severe case of kidney trouble of eight or ten years' standing. I suffered the most severe backache and other pains in the region of the kidneys. These were especially severe when stooping to lift anything, and often I could hardly straighten my back. The aching was bad in the daytime, but just as bad at night, and I was always lame in the morning. I was bothered with rheumatic pains and dropsical swelling of the feet. The urinary passages were painful, and the secretions were discolored and so free that often I had to rise at night. I felt tired all day. Half a box served to relieve me, and three boxes effected a permanent cure."



A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Justus will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address: Foster-McLure Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers; price, fifty cents per box.

Muskoka.

Do you know the place? If not, your pleasure has suffered. Take a free trip, a mental little journey through Muskoka Folder issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System, it contains a large map, nineteen views, and a fund of facts. Take the journey some evening after supper with your wife and children. Then slam the door on the doctor for 1905 by taking your family on a real journey through the Muskoka District this summer. Less than a day's journey from principal American cities. The Ideal Family Resort. For all particulars, apply to, J. Quinlan, D. P. A. G. T. Ry., Montreal.

LAY OF THE PHARISEE.

Ignoble beasts, as asses, swine And bears uncouth and vulgar dogs, Are some acquaintances of mine, And some are wretched demagogues, Frauds, bullies, braggarts, too, I know Their glaring faults I plainly see— And some of them are noisier slow To say what they consider me.

Poltroons and quacks, and gluttons I Regret to say I daily meet, And those who steal and those who lie And those who lose no chance to cheat, And bores and coxcombs—I condemn Their vicious ways in language free. I have my own strong views of them— They're their opinions, too, of me.

Fanatics, fakers, cads and fools, Rank upstarts, misers, bigots, sots, Corruptionists and venal tools And such as hatch infernal plots; Then idlers, slovens, sneaks and rakes And prigs—and many more there be. To recognize them all it takes A flawless character like me.

Guilty But Hurt. "I was governor of my state for two terms," said a well-known western politician, "and I made up my mind as soon as I was sworn in the first time to right any wrong I might find in the two state prisons. I had somehow got the idea that many innocent men were sent there."

"And did you find it so," was asked. "I did. There were over a thousand convicts in all, and I investigated 350 cases before I stopped. According to his own story, every one was an innocent man and the victim of injustice. There was one exception. He had been sent to prison for stealing a cow, and he lied to me for a long time. At length, one day after I had gone over the case with him for the fifth time, and showed him that he must be guilty, he said:

"It's no use to try to deceive you, governor. I'll admit that I did the stealing, but what hurts my feelings is the mistake they made. It wasn't a cow at all, but a blamed old jackass, and the jury convicted me because it was sworn to that he gave twelve quarts of milk a day."

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

This remedy is to be needed in almost every home before the summer is over. It can always be depended upon even in the most severe and dangerous cases. It is especially valuable for summer disorders in children. It is pleasant to take and never fails to give prompt relief. Why not buy it now? It may save life. For Sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbetts, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

MRS. TIM'S VAIN SEARCH.

"He must take the medicine in a recumbent position," said the physician who had been called to attend an injured Irishman. The man's wife was puzzled, but would not admit it. She considered her dilemma first to her husband.

"Tim, dear," she said, "here's your medicine all right, but the doctor do be saying ye must take it in a recumbent position, and niver a wan have we in the house."

"Ye might borra wan," suggested Tim. "There's Mrs. O'Marra, now she do always be having things comfortable and handy-looks."

So the wife made her appeal to the more provident neighbor.

"Mrs. O'Marra, me Tim has been hurted."

"The poor soul."

"Yes, and he's that had the doctor says: 'Give him his medicine in a recumbent position, and Mrs. O'Marra, we haven't wan in the house. Would ye mind giving me the loan av yours?'"

Mrs. O'Marra was puzzled in her turn, but she, too, refused to admit it. "Faith, and ye can have it and welcome," she said heartily, "but me friend, Mrs. Flaherty, has it; she borried it Chewsday week—just around the third corner beyant, forinst the pump."

"Mrs. Flaherty, excuse me fer troubling ye, me being a stranger here entirely to ye, but me man is hurted, and the doctor says, 'N hope of saving him unless ye give him his medicine in a recumbent position.' Me self didn't happen to have wan, so I stepped over to borra Mrs. O'Marra's. Would ye mind me taking it the while, me Tim being so bad?"

"Mind? Av course not!" returned Mrs. Flaherty, with the polite readiness of her nationality. But sorra the day! Flaherty—he do be mighty onstidly betimes—he dropped it on the fire last night and broke it."

"I'll have to pour it into him the best way I can, poor man!" said Tim's wife, as she hurried home.—Baltimore Sun.

PA'S IDEA OF IT.



Willie—"Pa, where does all the mail come from?"

Pa (wearily)—"From people who have outstanding bills."

He Went Away.

He had been away on a two weeks' vacation and on the first day of his return he gave the following to his typewriter to strike off and post up in the office:

"Yes, I've been away."

"Yes, I had a good time, thank you."

"No, I didn't gain seven pounds."

"I believe there were a few mosquitoes."

"Can't say whether I brought home a case of the malaria or not."

"I didn't go hunting."

"I didn't go fishing."

"I didn't go sailing."

"I can't say that I feel a heap better."

"I didn't get sunburned."

"I don't think it has added ten years to my life."

"Yes, I may go again next year."

"Can't say whether I prefer the mountains to the seashore."

"All this is very satisfactory," observed one of the merchant's friends after reading the placard, "and I am glad to see that you didn't name the place you went to. It wouldn't look well in cold print."

"Didn't I put in the place? Well, I went—"

"Yes, I know. You went to Hades and had a good time and have come back looking better, but don't give it away for fear there'll be a rush to the spot and knock your fall trade out!"

Jim Comes First.

"There is no doubt," said the savant to the old farmer in the seat beside him, "that if everybody would go to work in earnest the mosquito, pest could be eradicated within five years."

"But they won't do it," replied the farmer.

"No, they won't."

"I'd be willin' to, and I believe I've killed more'n fifty 'skeeters this year, but there's Jim Hill, a naylor, o' mine, who won't do a darned thing. Even when a 'skeeter lights on the back of his wife's neck and she yells murder Jim takes so much time goin' out after the crowbar that the pesky insect most allus gets away and builds a nest and hatches out thousands of others. We want to get rid of 'keeters, of course, but I'm tellin' you we want to get rid of Jim Hill first and scare two or three others like him most to death."

Shooting the Rapids.

Two old farmers met on the road. "Where ye've been, Sil?" asked the one in yellow boots. "Been shooting the rapids," drawled the other. "Ca'nting?" No; shooting at those pesky automobiles that run over my chickens."—Baltimore Herald.

A Consoling Thought.

Lady (calling on new vicar's wife)—Have you seen the library at the Hall? Sir George is quite a bibliophile, you know.

Vicar's Wife (warmly)—Oh, I'm so glad to hear that! So many wealthy men have no religion!—Punch.

JUST LAUGHS.

HAD MADE A MISTAKE.

The late Bishop Dudley of Kentucky was on a hunting expedition near Louisville during the last few years of his life, and happened to fall in with a local nimrod whose unexcelled admiration for the city man's marksmanship paved the way for further conversation.

"What's your name?" the countryman finally inquired.

"Dudley," was the reply.

After some change of incident and experience the bishop's interlocutor hazarded:

"Say, Dudley, what business do you follow?"

"I'm a preacher."

"O, get out. What are you giving me?"

"But I am. I preach every Sunday."

"Where?"

"In Louisville."

"Well, well; I never would have thought it. You ain't stuck up a bit like most of the preachers down this way."

An invitation to hear this new made acquaintance preach was accompanied by a scribbled card, and the next Sabbath saw the rustic, in his "Sunday best," ushered into the bishop's own pew, where he listened intently to both service and sermon.

He was manifestly amazed, afterward, to have the orator of the morning come down to greet him as cordially and familiarly as in the woods.

He managed to stammer his thanks, and added: "I ain't much of a judge of this kind of thing, parson, but I riz with you 'set with you, and saw the thing through the best I knew how; but all the same, if my opinion is worth anything to you, the Lord meant you for a shooter!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Scolding Set to Music.

In one of the beer gardens a brass band was playing what purported to be a Wagnerian selection with positively deafening effect. The good-natured people around the tables had wisely abandoned all effort at conversation. Not so with one woman, a shrewish-looking person, who was leaning over a table shaking her finger at her husband and doing her best to make him hear the abuse that she was evidently hurling at him.

Suddenly, with one grand glare, the music stopped and the woman's voice, pitched in a veritable scream, was heard:

"You bald-headed, sour-faced idiot, I'll—"

Checked by her own strident tones, she looked about her in consternation. Not so the husband. He was called upon to abuse. Picking up his Stein, he looked at his wife and growled:

"Shut up till the band starts again."

—New York Times.

How She Won Out.

She was busy holding one end of the sofa down and he the other, and for seventeen consecutive seconds silence had reigned supreme. Then he said:

"I wonder if any girl ever really did propose during leap year?"

"I don't know," replied his fair companion, "but I'm sure no girl would do such a thing unless she was obliged to."

Several more silent seconds passed.

"Um—yes," he said, "I hadn't thought of it in that light."

"And I'm sure," she continued, as she moved over and laid her hand softly on his arm, "you would never permit a girl to humiliate herself in that manner, would you?"

"Why—er—I—that is, of course not," he stammered.

The ice having been broken, the rest was easy, and five minutes later they were engaged in looking up the advertisements of firms that sell furniture on the installment plan.

FORTIFIED.



Mother—Horace, you must not go outside while it is raining or you will catch a cold."

Little Horace—"How kin I catch a cold when I got one already?"

Goat With a Charmed Life.

A well-known suburbanite who had been greatly troubled by the depredations of a neighbor's goat was driven to desperation one day when he learned that the animal had consumed a favorite red flannel coat of his. Determined on the goat's destruction, he employed an unscrupulous small boy who lived in the neighborhood to secure him to the railroad track just before the daily express was due. Some days afterward a friend inquired with interest if the goat had been effectually disposed of.

"Not on your life," was the disgusted answer; "that goat had a charmed life. He coughed up that red golf coat of mine and flagged the train."—Harper's Weekly.

Boxed.

They were returning from the husking bee.

"And were there any red ears?" asked the friend.

"Oh, yes," responded the girl in the gingham dress. "I had two when pa caught that city fellow kissing me."

Indigestion.

No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure does not only cure indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy cures all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membranes lining the stomach.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure after meals is not only a thoroughly reliable digestant, but it contains great tonic and reconstructive properties as well. This famous remedy enables the stomach and digestive organs to thoroughly digest, assimilate and contribute to the tissues of the nourishment that is contained in such food as may be eaten.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure lays the foundation for health, and the up-building of strength by cleansing, purifying and sweetening the glands and membranes of the stomach, and by supplying natural juices necessary to perfect digestion, assimilation and nutrition. Kodol digests what you eat, prevents colic, cholera, diarrhoea, flux, dysentery and summer complaints generally, and its use will cure indigestion and chronic dyspepsia permanently. Kodol is good alike for young and old. Your druggists sell it.

Mrs. Gad A. Boutt—Dear me! I have been to about ten stores and at all used up. Mr. B.—Oh, no; you're only a little shopworn.



She—Oh, I detest sofa pillows and tidies! If I ever keep house I'll never have such things as— He—Will you be my wife?

Where are you sick? Headache, foul-tongue, no appetite, lack energy, pain in your stomach, constipation. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well and keep you well. 35 cents.

G. R. Wiley.

FOR SALE.

The Ryerson Place in Bethel.

Fine Country Place in Mayville, near Bethel. About 135 acres, 35 tillage, 100 pasture, wood and timber. Cuts a good lot of hay. In good cultivation. Large two-story house with spacious ell and shed, connected, 25 rooms; 2 large barns, 40x100 and 30x75. Water in house and barn. All in excellent repair. House has been used as hotel by owners, but was built for private house. Has been much improved lately. Location is unexcelled for health, business, home life, or summer resort. Situated in the bend of the river, with fine view of the mountains; fronted by broad level intervals, backed by fine forests; first class community.

Upon the farm is the trotting course of the Riverside Park Association which with all buildings, goes with the farm. One of the most attractive and desirable places in the State. Excellent for summer boarders. Owner sells because the recent death of her son renders her unable to manage place. Price, \$10,000 on easy terms. Apply to HERRICK & PARK, Bethel, Me.

Farm for Sale.

A nice farm situated in Lewiston within three miles of the city, on electric road; fifty acres of land, about equally divided as to pasture and tillage land; has thirty or forty fruit trees; a spring of pure water near house, also nice well water, excellent set of farm buildings, including large hen-house, new; cellar under house, all and stable; excellent land to cultivate, and cuts twenty-five tons of hay; early land, and excellent markets for vegetables, berries and all farm produce; never failing brook runs through the pasture. Will sell at a bargain and on easy terms. For particulars inquire of, or address, E. C. BOWLER, Bethel, Maine.

IRA C. JORDAN,
Dealer in
General Merchandise and
GRAIN,
BETHEL, MAINE.

10 cts. a copy \$1.00 a year

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

is 'the cleanest, most stimulating, meatiest general magazine for the family,' says one of the million who read it every month. It is without question

"The Best at any Price"

Great features are promised for next year—six or more whole-some interesting short stories in every number, continued stories, beautiful pictures in colors, and articles by such famous writers as Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, John La Farge, William Allen White, and Charles Wagner. Get all of it right into your home by taking advantage of this

SPECIAL OFFER

Send \$1.00 before January 31, 1905, for a subscription for the year 1905 and we will send you free the November and December numbers of 1904—fourteen months for \$1.00 or the price of twelve. Address MCCLURE'S, 48-59 East 23d Street, New York City. Write for agents' terms.

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A Magazine of Cleverness

Magazines should have a well-defined purpose. Genuine entertainment, amusement and mental recreation are the motives of *The Smart Set*, the

MOST SUCCESSFUL OF MAGAZINES

Its novels (a complete one in each number) are by the most brilliant authors of both hemispheres.

Its short stories are matchless—clean and full of human interest.

Its poetry covers the entire field of verse—pathos, love, humor, tenderness—is by the most popular poets, men and women, of the day.

Its jokes, witticisms, sketches, etc., are admittedly the most mirth provoking.

160 PAGES DELIGHTFUL READING

No pages are wasted on cheap illustrations, editorial vamping, or wearying essays and idle discussions.

Every page will interest, charm and refresh you.

Subscribe now—\$2.50 per year. Remit in cheque, P. O. or Express order, or registered letter to THE SMART SET, 452 FIFTH AVENUE, New York.

N. B.—SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

C. K. FOX,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods and Groceries

Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes,

Gent's Furnishings.

Ask about Dutchess Trousers.

Ten cents a button, one dollar a r ip.

Main Street,

Bethel, Maine.

Kodol DYSPEPSIA CURE
DIGESTS WHAT YOU EAT
The \$1.00 bottle contains 2 1/2 times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents.
PREPARED ONLY AT THE LABORATORY OF
E. C. DWITT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
FOR SALE BY G. R. WILEY, BETHEL, MAINE.

THE H

Over and O

Over and over again, No matter which way I always find in the Book. Some lesson I have to I must take my turn at I must grind out the go I must work at my will

Over and over again.

We cannot measure the Of even the tiniest flow Nor check the flow of t That run through a sing But the morning dew m And the sun and the su Must do their part and Over and over again.

Over and over again.

The brook through the And over and over again The ponderous mill whe Once doing will not suff Though doing be not in And a blessing, failing t May come if we try aga

The path that has once Is never so rough to o And a lesson we once ha Is never so hard to repe Though sorrowful tears And the heart to its dep With storm and tempest To render us meet for h

—Ella

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Silent Infl

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"What heroism is

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had not vaunted

THE HOME.

Over and Over Again.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life,
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute
will.

Over and over again.
We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dew must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again.
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill wheel goes;
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing, falling us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to our feet;
And a lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depth be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Patience and work," says the old
proverb, "change the mulberry leaf
into satin."

"The man most fitted to make a
success of his own life, and to per-
manently influence that of others is
not so much the man of genius as
the man of character."

Silent Influence.

Did you ever stop to think of the
manner and extent of your influence
upon the people with whom you
come in contact?

"My influence?" someone may ex-
claim; "why my life is too insignifi-
cant even to be noticed, much less
imitated."

Are you sure of this? Influence
is a subtle thing; we can feel neither
its coming nor its going. We awake
some morning with renewed strength
for our daily task. We have been
fretting beneath our burden. We
had about made up our mind that
ours was a peculiar case of hardship
and trial almost too grievous to be
borne. But yesterday we met a
woman, brave, cheerful, alert—show-
ing no signs of failure or defeat—a
woman beneath whose burden, had
it suddenly been lifted to our shoul-
ders, we would instantly have suc-
cumbed, saying: "It is too heavy; I
cannot possibly endure it." Yet this
woman was carrying it, to all
outward appearances, as if it was a
feather-weight, a plaything for her
splendid courage.

"What heroism is hers, and what
a coward I have been!" we exclaim,
tears of genuine admiration spring-
ing to our eyes. We return to our
home and to our burden, strengthen-
ed, uplifted, glorified. That woman
has inspired us to do a better service,
to a higher consecration; and yet she
had not ventured her courage or inti-
mated by look or manner that hers
was an unusual sacrifice.

"There is no bush so small but
casts its shadow," is an old proverb.
The inspiration we ourselves have
received may in turn be transmitted
to others simply through our silent
example of patient living; or we may
live our life on such a low plane that
lives touching ours may be smirched
by contact. If we climb, we shall
have followers, aye, and if we sink
to a lower level we shall have fol-
lowers. There is always someone
ready to imitate our example for
good, or for evil.

"He always has such a pleasant
way of meeting people," a lady re-
marked of a gentleman who went in
and out of a certain church, Sunday
after Sunday, taking no active part
in the affairs of the church, save to
give a hand-shake and a pleasant
greeting to everyone whom he chanc-
ed to meet. While, on the other
hand a lady recently declared in my
hearing that it made her glum for
the day simply to pass Mrs. S.—on
the street; she looked as if she hated
herself and everyone else.

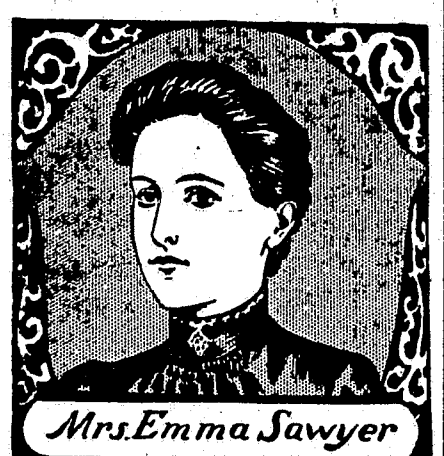
Neither of these people were aware
of the impression they were leaving

KIDNEY TROUBLES

Increasing Among Women, But
Sufferers Need Not Despair

THE BEST ADVICE IS FREE

Of all the diseases known, with which
the female organism is afflicted, kidney
disease is the most fatal, and statistics
show that this disease is on the increase
among women.



Mrs. Emma Sawyer

Unless early and correct treatment is
applied the patient seldom survives
when once the disease is fastened upon
her. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound is the most efficient treat-
ment for kidney troubles of women,
and is the only medicine especially
prepared for this purpose.

When a woman is troubled with pain
or weight in loins, backache, frequent,
painful or scalding urination, swelling
of limbs or feet, swelling under the
eyes, an uneasy, tired feeling in the
region of the kidneys or a brick-dust
sediment in the urine, she should
lose no time in commencing treatment
with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound, as it may be the means of
saving her life.

For proof read what Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs.
Sawyer.

"I cannot express the terrible suffering I
had to endure. A derangement of the female
organs developed nervous prostration and a
serious kidney trouble. The doctor attended
me for a year, but I kept getting worse, until
I was unable to do anything, and I made up
my mind I could not live. I finally decided
to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound as a last resort, and I am to-day a well
woman. I cannot praise it too highly, and I
tell every suffering woman about my case."
Mrs. Emma Sawyer, Conyers, Ga.

Mrs. Pinkham gives free advice to
women; address in confidence, Lynn,
Mass.

with those whom they met, yet one
had diffused sunshine, and the other
had cast a shadow over the path of
many as they passed along their way.
—Helen M. Richardson in Ladies
World.

Doctors said He would not Live.
Peter Fry, Woodruff, Pa., writes
"After doctoring for two years with the
best physicians in Waynesburg,
and still getting worse, the doctors
advised me if I had any business to
attend to I had better attend to it
at once, as I could not possibly live
another month as there was no cure
for me. Foley's Kidney Cure was
recommended to me by a friend, and
I immediately sent my son to the
store for it and after taking three
bottles I began to get better and con-
tinued to improve until I was en-
tirely well." Sold by G. R. Wiley.

The Summer Hotel Ads.

The summer hotel ads are out.
A tempting lot are they;
Each place is better than the rest,
At least that's what they say.
None have mosquitoes, or a pest
Of any kind what e'er;
But each and every one have got
The finest bill o' fare.
Good fishing, boating, driving; all
Have golf links of the best;
Electric lights, lawn fetes, and yet
All have the "perfect rest."
Great is the summer hotel ad,
Why should it not be so?
Bad points they needn't advertise,
You find them when you go.
—Medford Mercury.

Digests all classes of food, tones
and strengthens the stomach and
digestive organs. Cures Dyspepsia,
Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, and
makes rich red blood, health and
strength. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
rebuilds worn-out tissues. Gov. G.
W. Atkinson, of W. Va., says: "I
have used a number of bottles of
Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and have
found it to be a very effective, and,
indeed, a powerful remedy for
stomach ailments. I recommend it
to my friends." Sold by G. R.
Wiley. DW

A Happy Issue.—At a recent
dinner given by a prominent club a
man who is unusually young for the
prominence he has won in his chosen
field rose to respond to a toast. His
beardless face was flushed and his
manner embarrassed. In hesitating
tones he began: "Gentlemen: Before
I entered this room I had an excel-
lent speech prepared. Only God and
myself knew what I was going to
say. Now God alone knows." And
he sat down.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

ROADS
AND
ROAD MAKING

USEFUL SAND CLAY ROADS.

Valuable Article by W. L. Spoon on

These Roads in the South.

Mr. Spoon says: "The building of
sand-clay roads has passed the experi-
mental stage, and it is no longer a
question of doubtful procedure. The
important things to be borne in mind
are thorough mixing to the saturation
point, and then properly shaping and
rolling the road. This mixing is usu-
ally done by the traveling public.
This is a critical period in the con-
struction of a sand-clay road, because
care must be taken to secure an even
amount of puddling, so that all the
lumps of clay shall be broken and
saturated with sand to a depth of 8 to
10 inches. If this can be done and the
road is properly crowned as it dries,
there can be no doubt about the re-
sult being eminently satisfactory.
This mixing might be done by the use
of plows and harrows when the clay
is wet; but it is customary to let
teams and vehicles accomplish it. It
is true that the condition of the road
becomes worse for awhile during the
puddling operation; but after this is
effected and sufficient sand has been
added relief is permanent and then
remains hard and firm.

"In many portions of the southern
states the public roads are maintained
by the old system of statute labor,
which has been reduced, by the effi-
ciency of overseers to little better
than worthless. The mud which it
is customary to throw on the road-
bed is often a detriment, as it is the
worn-out material from the road that
has been gradually accumulated in the
ditches. There are many sand-bars
and gravel beds along the streams and
rivers of the Piedmont section where
unlimited quantities of good sand and
gravel may be found, a few loads of
which would permanently heal the
worst mudhole if it were to be first
thoroughly drained. There is need of
a general awakening along this line
everywhere. An enormous waste of
labor results, as stated, from the in-
competency of many of the road over-
seers. Whether the overseers work
statute labor, commutation labor, or
hired labor, they should be able to so
treat each particular case, deep sand
or deep mud, as to effect a permanent
cure."—Good Roads.

Oiled Roads of California.

"The oiling of roads was begun in
1902, and there are now about 170 miles
in use. The results have been, on the
whole, highly satisfactory," says Good
Roads. There was much to learn con-
cerning the action of the oil on the
many varieties of soil found in the
country, but the knowledge and experi-
ence acquired by the roadmaking offi-
cials warrant them in the stand they
have taken that henceforth oil will be
used on all roads where water can not
be obtained at a nominal cost. In the
first stages of the experimenting with
oil sprinkling, there were objections
by some people to this method of im-
proving the highway, because of the
fact that when the oil was first applied
it rendered the road disagreeable to
travel on, and had a tendency to soil
vehicles and clothing. This, however,
proved to be only a temporary trouble as
a few days, when the oil had been
properly worked in and the surface
smoothed and packed by thorough roll-
ing, sufficed to harden the surface and
keep it clean. It was soon realized
that the inconvenience caused by the
first application of oil was not nearly
so great as was caused by the first
application of gravel.

Demand for Percherons.

Most of the practical horse dealers
are of the opinion that the present
demand for black Percheron stallions
is a mistake, as experience has de-
monstrated that eastern consumers will
not buy black commercial draft ani-
mals if they can fill their orders with
any other color. The principle objec-
tion to black drafters is their inability
to endure heat with animals of other
color.

Give Cows Plenty of Water.

It is self-evident that a cow in full
flow of milk must have a plentiful
supply of water. Milk on an average
is about eighty-seven per cent water
and a good cow often gives fifty or
more pounds of milk daily; therefore
to supply water for the milk and the
animal economy also she must drink
from eight to twelve gallons every
twenty-four hours.

Importance of a Good Culvert.

"On grades, dikes should never be
built to turn the water, and whenever
it becomes necessary to carry water
from one side of the road to the other
it should be carried under ground
through a sluice or culvert. The top
of the sluice must of necessity be near
the surface of the road where grades
exist."

In this column it was noted a few
days ago that peat possesses wonder-
ful qualities owing to the presence of
tannin, iron and other substances in
it. Here is an instance: At the time
of the covenants, in 1685, three men
were shot at a place called Grossgel-
loch, on the moors above Old Cum-
nock, in Scotland. In 1825, when a
monument was being erected to their
memory, the workmen came upon the
corpses rolled in their plaid. The
bodies were in exactly the same state
as when they were buried. The moss
had preserved them as if they had
been embalmed.

MERRY
JESTS.

FIGURING ON A WIFE.

The favorite story of Admiral

Schley is told thus:

Uncle Joe is an old negro on a
farm near Chesapeake City, Md., a
farm owned by the family whose slave
he was years ago. He is a widower,
and lately has spruced up to a degree.
Not long since one of the young men
of the place started for the city, when
he was hailed by uncle Joe.

"Mistah George," he said, sheepishly,
"you done goin' to town? You might
do a favor foh me."

"Certainly, uncle," was the response.

"What is it?"

"Well, you might—you might git a
marriage license foh me."

The white man was amused, but
seeing that the old negro was offend-
ed, he said: "I'll get the license, s're,
uncle, I'll get it," and rode off.

After attending to his own affairs in
town he suddenly remembered the
marriage license, but was nonplussed,
for he had not asked the name of un-
cle Joe's fiancée. He happened to re-
collect that he had noticed uncle
Joe around the kitchen a good deal of
late, and that Amanda, dusky, fat and
40, and the best cook in the county,
always had a delectable morsel reserv-
ed for the old man; so, of course, it
must be Amanda. Armed with the
happy credentials Mr. George gal-
loped home and handed the paper to
the old man, who took it and looked
at it. The license was read to him.

"Mandy Jones!" he cried, when the
bride's name was pronounced. "Why,
it ain't her—it's Liza Allen, down by
de crick."

Here was dilemma. "Well," said
the white man, "there's only one
thing to do. You must get another li-
cense. It is just \$3 thrown away."

Uncle Joe took the paper, folded it
and put it in his pocket.

"I'll done ask 'Mandy to have me,"
he said, "foh I don't think dar's \$3
diff-rence 'tween dem ladies."—Phila-
delphia Public Ledger.

In Spite of It.

"Fellow citizens," said the chair-
man of the meeting, "the gentleman
whom I am about to introduce to you
needs no introduction at my hands.
Wherever the English language is
spoken his name is a household word.
His eloquence has thrilled vast au-
diences. His voice has always been
lifted in defense of the principles of
truth and right. I appreciate it as an
honor and a privilege to preside at a
meeting where a public man so dis-
tinguished is to speak—a meeting of
cultivated people, all eager to listen
to him and ready to yield to the charm
of his matchless oratory."

"Gentlemen, it is my great pleas-
ure to introduce to you this evening
the Hon. Hiram Hankins, who will now
address you."

Notwithstanding this introduction
Mr. Hankins came forward and made
a pretty fair speech.—Chicago Tri-
bune.

Acted According.

This story is being told of a certain
New York politician: He had succeed-
ed in securing for a friend of his a
place as tax assessor at the cost of
considerable exertion. Not long after
the friend had begun work in his new
place the politician was surprised and
grieved to see that he was taxed, un-
der "personal property," \$24 as the
possessor of one goat. He called on
his friend, the assessor, for an ex-
planation, accusing him of ingratitude
and forgetfulness of favors received.

"But I couldn't do less than obey
the specific details of the law," pro-
tested his friend; "look here's what it
says," and he read from his papers:
"For all property bounding or abut-
ting on the highway, \$12 per front
foot."—Harper's Weekly.

TO FIT THE TARGET.

Thompson—"I want a good revol-
ver."

Dealer—"A six-shooter?"

Thompson—"Better make it a nine-
shooter. I want it for a cat next
door."

Flourishing Business.

A prominent actor tells this story
about two brother players and their
experiences in a Maine temperance
town. Feeling in need of alcoholic
refreshment they made application at
the local drug store, but were told that
stimulants were sold only in cases or
snake bite.

The actors had about decided to
content themselves with such refresh-
ment as the town provided, when they
heard that a certain resident owned
a rattlesnake which he kept as a pet.
Securing his address, they called on
him and offered to hire his snake for
use in some scientific experiments.

"Nothing doing," answered the own-
er; "he's booked solid for four
months ahead."—Harper's Weekly.

Saw Double.

Gunner—"I met Bender at the opera
the other evening."

Guy—"Did he take his opera
glasses?"

Gunner—"Oh, yes, he went out after
each act."

THE FARMER AS A JUDGE



"I pronounce the McCormick Line
of Harvesting Machines for 1905 OK"

A. F. Copeland, Agent, Bethel, Me.

WALL PAPERS

Large Assortment

AND

PRICES RIGHT.

Odd lots, enough for one

room at less than cost.

Sample Books of fine high cost Papers to select from

Paints, Varnishes and

Painters' Supplies.

Quality the Best.

Come and Investigate.

Wiley's Drug Store,

POST OFFICE BLOCK, BETHEL, MAINE

NEW DEPARTURE.

I shall not keep Meats during the summer,
and have put in a stock of

MOLASSES, KEROSENE, FLOUR.

In addition to which I shall carry my usual line of
STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES, FRUIT, CON-
FECTIONERY, CIGARS and

* GREEN STUFF. *

The Flour which I carry is WASHBURN-CROSBY in
sacks—none better. Boneless Cod, and Smoked Halibut
in packages; Canned Goods of all kinds, etc. Have you
tried PARLOR PRIDE STOVE POLISH?

CHAS. A. LUCAS, Fancy Grocer,

MAIN STREET, BETHEL, MAINE.

GRASS SEED.

Timothy, Hungarian,

Lawn Grass, Alsike

and New York Clover.

Fertilizers, Lime and Cement.

(Corn, Flour and Feed.

Woodbury & Purington

Bethel.

BEES

AND BEE KEEPING

HOW TO START IN BEE-KEEPING

Careful Selection of Hives, Bees and Pastures Insures Success.

The amateur, with whom financial results are secondary, will naturally select the best and will wish to make a good showing as possible. He should first select the hive he wants, and be sure he gets the bees all alike and parts interchangeable, and puts them on stands and keeps them well painted. He should get the best Italian bees to start with. The best time to start is in the spring. You can usually buy bees in your vicinity cheaper than to send away, as it is expensive to ship bees by express. A good plan is to buy your hives with wired foundation in the frames, and take them to some person who will sell you first swarms. If you cannot get Italians, get blacks, and get an Italian queen and raise your own queens.

Perhaps you already have your bees in box hives and have been getting but little honey and have but little time to devote to them. Now you can with very little trouble and expense plentifully supply your table the year around with choice honey.

This class should work a little differently from the amateur or the professional. I would advise them to buy good, standard hives and supers with starters in all the frames and sections and put the good, big first swarms from the box hives in them, and leave the old box hives for seed; for you will probably, for a year or two, rob your frame hives too closely and they will be apt to die the first winter; but do not get discouraged, and take good care of your combs; they are good property. Hive more swarms on them. By the time your old ones are off, you will have learned the proper way of using your frame hives. Always take good care of your combs; each one costs you three pounds of honey to have made, so they are worth that much each when given to a new swarm.

If you are looking toward making a specialty of the business, there are some things to consider that an amateur or bee-keeper for home use need not bother about.

The first and principal one is pasture. Basewood or lynn is in the northern sections, the main dependence for white honey. White clover has been the principal honey plant in the central portion of these states, but in the last few years alsike clover has largely taken its place and it is much better. If you intend to keep a large number of colonies you must have good pasturage. If you do not have it naturally, you must move to it or make it. A few dollars investment in alsike seed and scattered judiciously will in a few years do wonders. It is a great plant to spread from seed, when given a start. The other points to consider relate to the tools and methods. These will come to you in time. Start right and watch closely and gain a knowledge of the details. Make haste slowly. You will fall or think so, which amounts to the same thing, once or twice before you begin to make things to suit you. You must expect occasional blasted hopes. We all have them. Do not allow the "Bee Fever" to hurry you along too fast in the start. Begin with a few colonies and study them and the business. Remember that you have to profit by your own experience. That of others does not mean so much to others as your own.—Indiana Farmer.

Power in Dead Leaves.

The use of dead leaves, straw, or hay as a source of power is the latest contribution to practical science made by French experimenters, says Henri de Parville, writing in the Journal des Debats, Paris. The experiments are being carried on by M. S. Bordenase, who has found it possible to produce enough gas by the combustion of vegetable matter to run a small but powerful motor. The different materials used were straw, leaves, hay, etc., compressed into bales.

M. de Parville says that the following results were obtained in practice: "With hay it was found that one horse power could be obtained by using a little over two pounds of combustible, which being valued at ten francs per ton made the cost of each single horse power .04 francs. With the labor and other accessories the cost of the horse power was raised to .056 francs for each horse power for one hour. If the average quality of hay at a cost of 36 francs per ton be used, the horse power for one hour costs .076 francs. "Wheat and oat straw may be used to greater advantage. Here the power is obtained with a little over two pounds of material; the value of the straw being estimated at 25 francs per ton, the cost of the horse power is .063 francs; with oat straw the horse power costs .057 francs. The experiments with leaves gave a horse power at a cost of .048 francs, while the power was obtained with a mixture of sawdust and shavings at a cost of 55 francs. With other material the results were in every way satisfactory from both an industrial and financial standpoint."

It is claimed by the experimenter that the new process will be particularly useful to farmers who are in need of small motors and have great quantities of refuse vegetable matter from which to obtain the power.—Translation in Public Opinion.

A Fellow Feeling.

At midnight recently a policeman found a man lying on the grass under a tree in a park, and he aroused him.

"Come, mister, no one can sleep here."

"But I have a good excuse," replied the man.

"See that house over there? Well, please to do me the favor to go and ring the bell and ask if William Dockey is at home."

The officer went to the house, ascended the steps and rang the bell. A head was thrust out of an open window and a female voice demanded: "Now, who's there?"

"Madam," replied the officer, "William Dockey, at home?"

"No, sir, and I don't expect him until daylight," snapped the woman; and at the same moment a bowlful of water descended on the officer's head and half drowned him.

"Well," said the man on the grass, as the dripping officer came up, "you see how it is, don't you? I'm Dockey. That's Mrs. Dockey."

"I think I see," remarked the officer. "You can remain where you are."

A Natural Conclusion.

They had been telling stories of hairbreadth escapes when suddenly the man in the corner awoke.

"Talking of wild adventures," he said, "I remember a few years ago, when I was in the Rocky Mountains, for the purpose of getting a better view I had crawled on to a small rock which overlooked the chasm, five or six hundred feet below. It was a perfect view. But, alas! when I turned to go I found that a huge bear was advancing toward me up the path I had myself ascended—the only one by which escape was possible. I lay powerless and paralyzed with fright."

"The bear came slowly on, till at last he stood over me, rolling his great tongue in anticipation."

The man in the corner ceased, stretched himself, yawned and prepared for sleep again.

"Well," said one of the fine old sportsmen, tapping him on the shoulder, "what happened? How did you escape?"

"I didn't," said the man in the corner; "that malicious bear ate me up!"

And he laid his head upon his arm, and again he sank into deep slumber.

A Story with a Moral.

Bishop Nicholson, of Milwaukee, has a story of personal experience to tell to those who seem swamped in worries. It happened during the first years of his ministry, when he was rector of a Philadelphia church. The parish matters, social and financial, were in a bad way, and straightening them out was slow work. He was distinctly discouraged one day when, having gone to New York on business, he stopped to look at the Brooklyn Bridge, then building. A man, covered with dirt, was working on the abutments.

"That's pretty dirty work you are engaged in," said the bishop.

"Well, yes," answered the laborer, "but somehow we don't think of the dirt, but of the beauty which is to come out of our work."

"It was the lesson I needed, and I went back to Philadelphia the better for it," said Bishop Nicholson.

As Compared.

"Gosh hang my buttons!" exclaimed Silas Oatcake, who had just returned from a trip to Chicago. "Tain't safe to go on sum uv th' streets thar' after dark fer fear uv gettin' robbed."

"Tain't ain't nuthin', Silas," replied Zeke Meadowgrass, who had also strayed from his own fireside in days gone by. "Deown tew Noo York they don't even wait fer it tew git dark afore they rob a feller, by hen!"

—Chicago News.

Prize or Blank.

He—Marriage is a lottery, all right. You never can tell whether you are going to draw a prize or a blank.

She—I know. There's Nell and Tom. They were attracted to each other because they both were so fond of dogs. When they were married it came out that he fancied St. Bernards while she was daffy on Boston terriers.—Boston Transcript.

At the Photographer's.

"Are you the photographer?"

"Yes, madam."

"Do you take children's pictures?"

"Yes, certainly."

"How much do you charge?"

"Three dollars a dozen."

"Well," said the woman, sorrowfully. "I'll have to see you again. I've only got eleven." — Philadelphia Ledger.

Generous Beggar.

"A great big able-bodied man like you ought to be ashamed to ask a stranger for money," said the well-to-do citizen.

"I know I ought," answered Meandering Mike. "But, mister, I'm jes' naturally too kind-hearted to tap 'im on de head and take it away from him."—Washington Star.

She Was No Mischief Maker.

Uncle—Well, Fanny, aren't you going to kiss your uncle?

Fanny (aged seven)—No, indeed. Uncle—And why not, little darling?

Fanny—Because there's your wife looking on, and I don't want to make any trouble in the family.

Romance vs. Realism.

Sentimental Maid—Of course, one must be inspired before he can write poetry.

Practical Poet—Sure thing. He must be inspired by a realization of the fact that he needs the money.

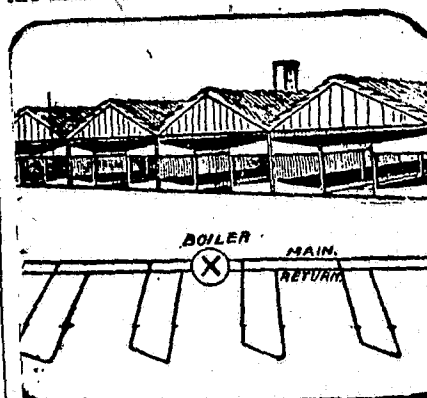
FARM AND GARDEN

CULTIVATION OF MUSHROOMS

Success Depends on Study of Conditions and Experience.

Cellars, caves and abandoned mines, or specially constructed houses, are used for growing mushrooms, because in such places only can the conditions of temperature and moisture be best regulated. Cold is less injurious to mushroom beds than heat.

Any severe changes of temperature retard growth, or else act injuriously, and many changes of temperature would entirely destroy the profits of the mushroom crop.



Perspective of Mushroom House.

A second important factor is that of moisture. The place should not be very damp, or constantly dripping with water. With too rapid ventilation and the consequent necessity of repeated applications of water to the mushroom bed no mushroom crop will attain the highest perfection.

In the growing of mushrooms for commercial purposes, the beds should be constructed of stable manure which has been fermented or composted.

Late Potatoes.

Late varieties appear to thrive best in a climate that is moderately cool or coolish, and in a loamy soil. In other words, the best results are not usually secured on either heavy clay or sandy land, though if the season may follow. However, he is good crops may follow. A moderately friable soil, either naturally or artificially drained, of reasonably fertile productive power, is all that is required. Many soils have an abundance of plant food for producing a most satisfactory crop so far as plant food goes. The problem is to make what is needed available by tillage. If this cannot be done, manures or fertilizers should be applied. Experience can only determine this.

As both mixed fertilizers and stable manures tend to promote scab, it may often be wiser to apply them liberally to a preceding crop than to make a direct application of them. One may fertilize and manure liberally the corn crop. Plough deep in the fall and again in the spring, and superior conditions will have been secured for the potatoes. A clover lea of one of two years' standing prepares the way for potatoes. It should be fall ploughed and reploughed in the spring. However, good results may sometimes be secured by using wheat or oat stubble, if liberally manured (five to ten loads per acre) and ploughed in the fall and reploughed in the spring. Or a tenacious sod may be ploughed in early fall and reploughed as above. However, such land may be so full of grubs and worms as seriously to diminish the value of the crop, and then, too, such land does not lend itself kindly to the tillage which has been found most satisfactory.—Country Gentleman.

Growing Strawberries.

The land to be devoted to the growing of strawberries should, if possible, be planted in a cultivated crop, such as potatoes, beans, or corn, at least one year previous to setting the plants, in order that the larvae of such insects as wireworms, white grubs, cutworms, etc., may be as completely eliminated as possible. Good land is a favorite breeding ground for such insects, and should therefore be avoided unless it be "new" clover sod, which can be turned under with good results.

Previous to setting the plants the soil should be deeply ploughed in order that all organic matter of whatever nature on the surface may be completely turned under. Immediately following the plow the land should be thoroughly pulverized by the use of the harrow, and the surface should be reduced to a condition which would form an ideal seed bed.

Experiments in Field.

The average result of 6 years' experiments show that 100 lbs. of barnyard manure was worth 1 mark (about \$2.50 a ton), its residual effect being included in the valuation. The highest yields of beets and potatoes were obtained where the manure was applied with commercial fertilizers. The increase in the yields of roots and tubers due to the manure was applied greatest when the same was applied without the addition of nitrate of soda, but the highest absolute yields were obtained where the two substances were given together.—Expt. Station.

Sowing Rape With Oats.

When sowing rape with oats it is a good plan to drill the oats at the usual time, and about four weeks later sow the rape seed and cover them with a light harrow. By this plan there will be good rape pasture after the oats crop is harvested, if the soil is fertile.

THE CHERUB REBELLED.

What a Visitor Overheard When Mother Made Haste.

His mother had a caller down stairs, and with true maternal interest she could not let her go until she had gone up to get her young hopeful to bring him down for display. Not waiting for the nurse to get the child ready, she snatched a towel from the rack and resorted to a method which all mothers at some time or other indulge in.

Even then, it might never have leaked out if she had not in her mad haste left the nursery door ajar. But, as it was, the woman waiting below heard these flute-like baby tones float down the stairway:

"I say, no, mamma." Mother's low voice was heard in remonstrance.

"I don't care, Tompany or no tompany, I won't have my face washed with spit!"—Washington Post.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

"The old lady'll give you hail Columbia for betting on a horse race." "No she won't! This time I won!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Clerk—"Is this to be charged, madam?" Lady—"Oh, yes; you'll have to. My husband has just lost his position."—Harper's Bazar.

"Don't you feel at all nervous about having your son play football, Mrs. Sproggins?" "No. I would rather see him dead than married to the girl he's engaged to."—Chicago Record-Herald.

They are speaking of the agitating orator. "He is a man who weighs his words," remarked the close observer. "If he does," said the cynic, "he gives short weight."—Chicago Daily News.

Kwoter—"The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Newitt—"Yes but the great trouble with the lamb, if he happens to have been shorn in Wall Street, is that he can't raise the wind."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Young man," said the stern parent, "do you know what is the greatest aim in life?" "Sure!" said the unregenerate; "that feller on th' Indianapolis wot smashed th' bull's-eye five straight at half a mile with a thirteen-incher."—Baltimore News.

Escaped Punishment.

A Philadelphia schoolmistress was giving her pupils instruction in the elements of physiology, and among other things told them that whenever they moved an arm or leg it was in response to a message from the brain. "The brain always sends a message to your arm or your leg whenever you wish to move that particular member," she explained.

At last a mischievous boy aroused her anger by his apparent inattention to the lesson.

"Hold out your hand!" she exclaimed.

The boy did not move.

"Why don't you hold out your hand?" said the teacher.

"I'm waiting for the message from my brain," said the lad.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Now He Wonders.

She—I suppose if a pretty girl came along you wouldn't care any more about me?



He—Nonsense, Kate! What do I care for good looks? You suit me all right.—La Vie Parisienne.

A Sordid Soul.

"Is Samson Huskiman going to coach your football team this season?" asks the visitor of the quarterback.

"Samson Huskiman? Don't repeat that name on the campus."

"Why, is there anything wrong about—"

"Wrong? Listen. Instead of playing with the boys this year, what do you suppose he is going to do?"

"Going into professional athletics?"

"Worse—infinitely worse! He has accepted the offer of a thousand dollars a week as demonstrator for a hair tonic."—Judge.

What the Hog Was Doing.

Peter McArthur was telling of traveling down South when he sprung this one. He said that his train had stopped at a railroad station in North Carolina, and a red-complexioned hog was seen rubbing himself on a telegraph pole.

"That hog seems to be troubled with fleas or the mange," observed Mr. McArthur to a native.

"Mange nothing," replied the native to whom the remark was addressed. "That hawg is a razorback an' he's stropplin' hisself."

On the Wedding Journey.

"Henry," whispered the bride of two hours, "you don't regret marrying me, even yet?"

"No, darling," replied Henry. "Not even yet!"

The train sped on and she was happy for another five minutes.—Chicago Tribune.

BLUE STORES

Our Trousers Stock is the Pride of Our Store.

It's about now that you begin to notice how dilapidated your trousers are. The new styles are very neat cut in "half bloomer" and "full bloomer," while the tailoring is simply perfection in trouser making. We've a great variety of patterns and can fit all legs and suit all tastes.

Trousers for working men and for business men, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.75.

Trousers good enough for anybody or for any purpose, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Trouser excellence and luxury that can't be beaten, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00.

THE FANCY VEST

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